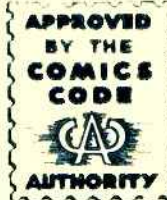




a Hanna-Barbera Production



MAGILLA GORILLA

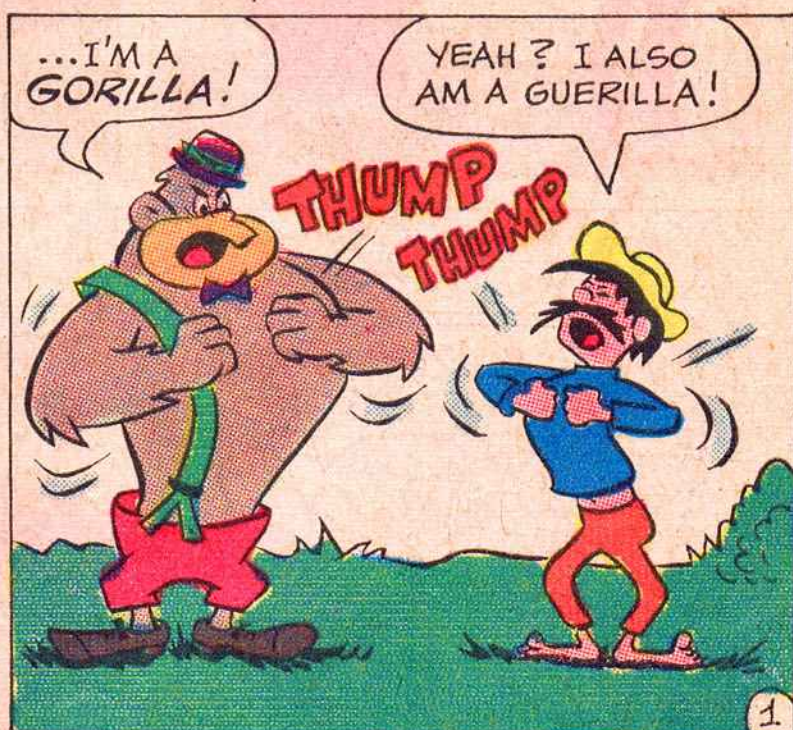
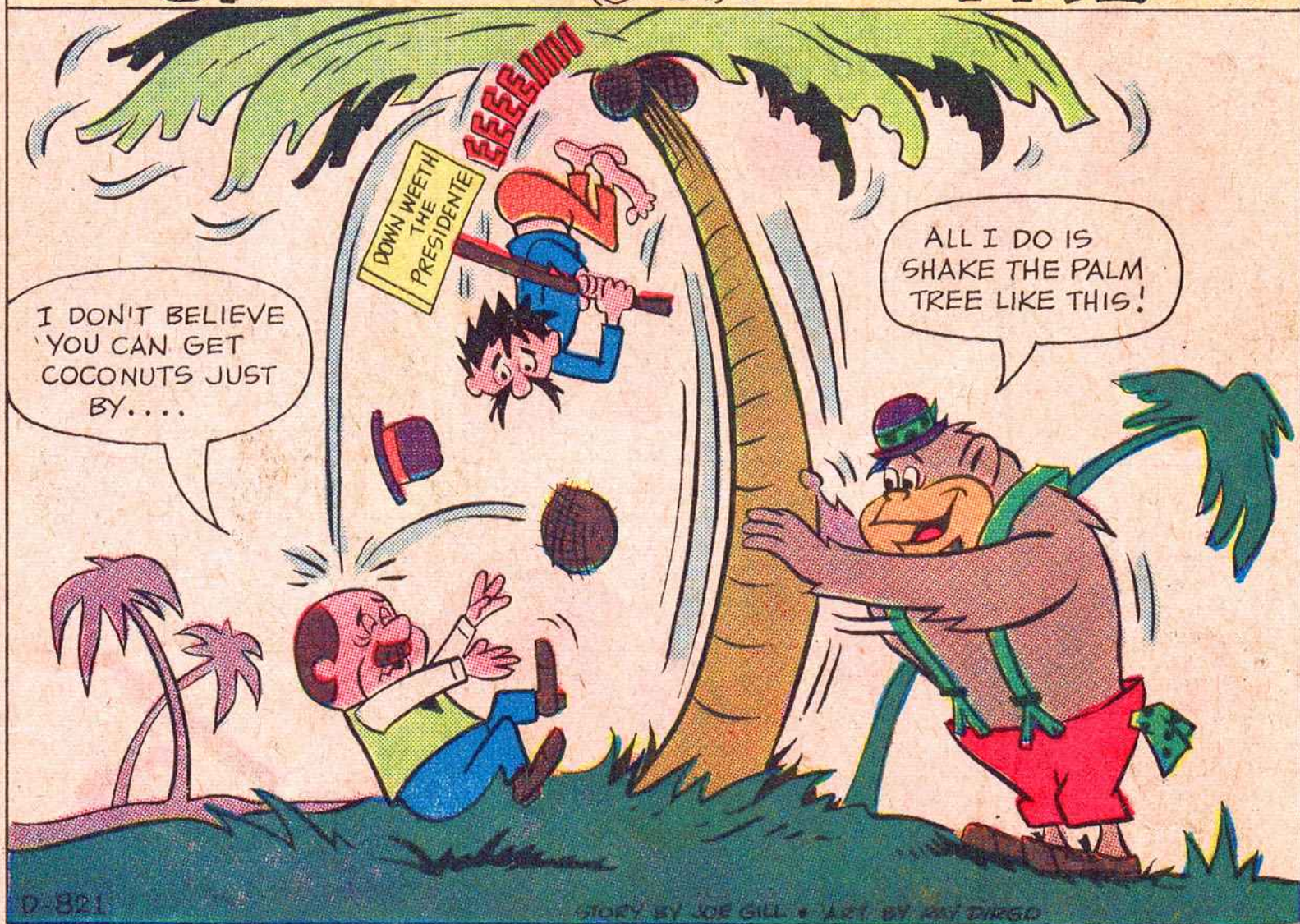
MAGILLA GORILLA

NO. 1
NOV.
CDC

15¢

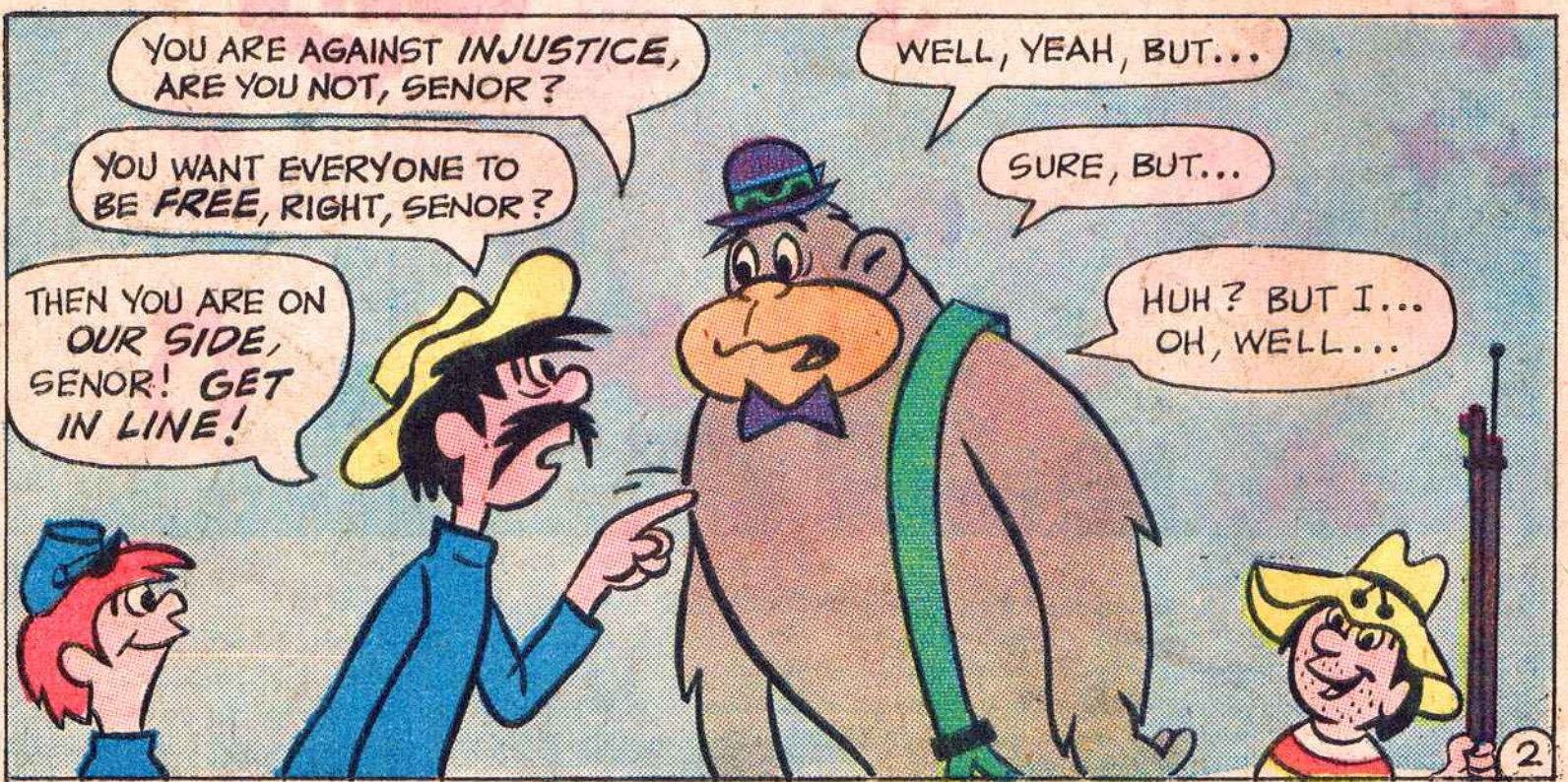


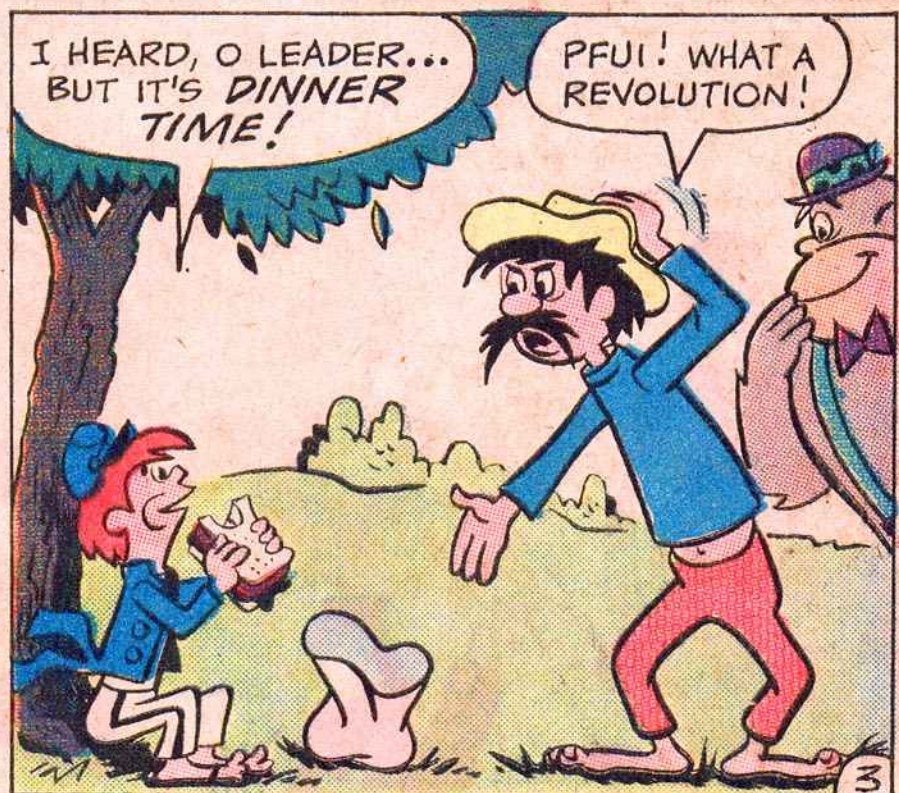
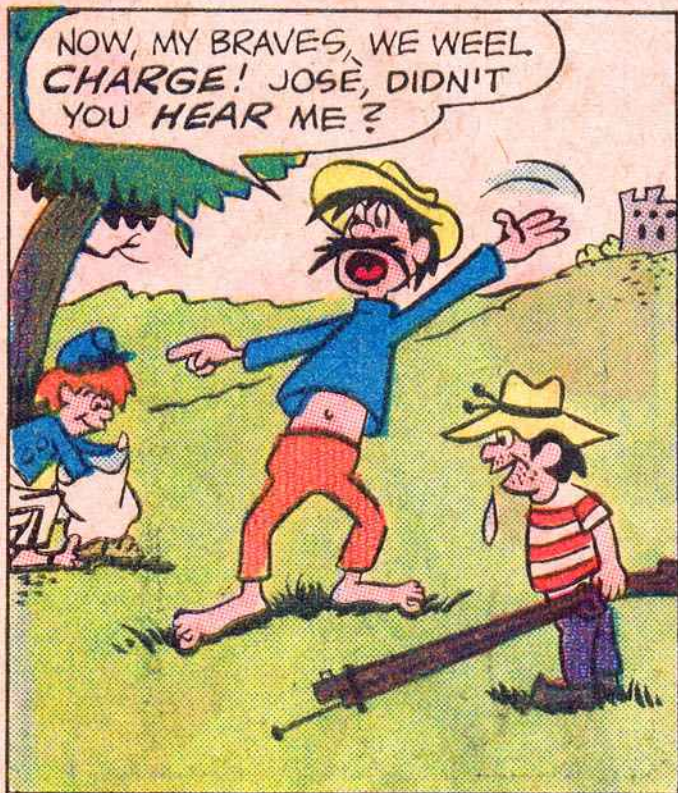
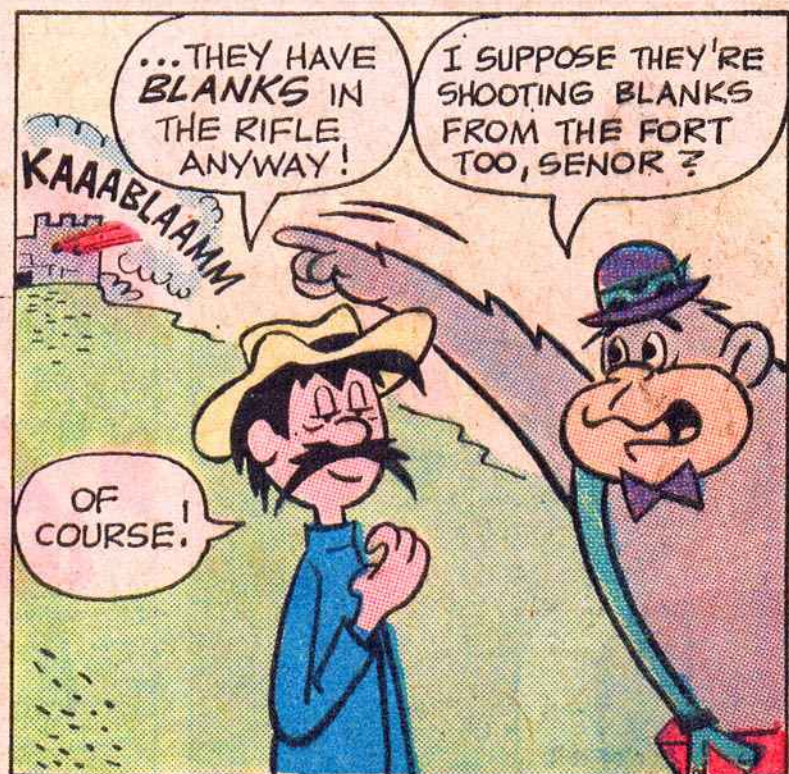
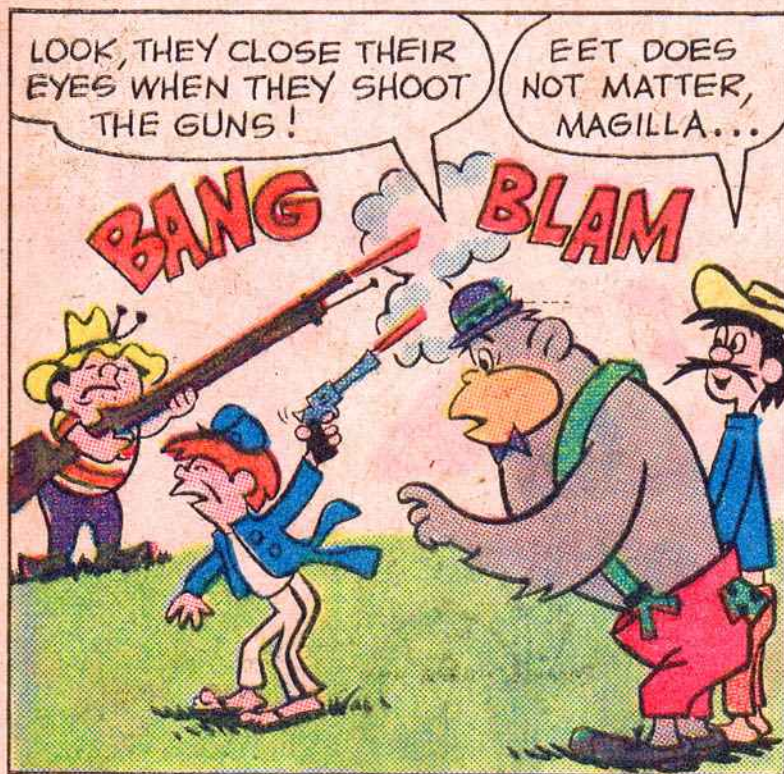
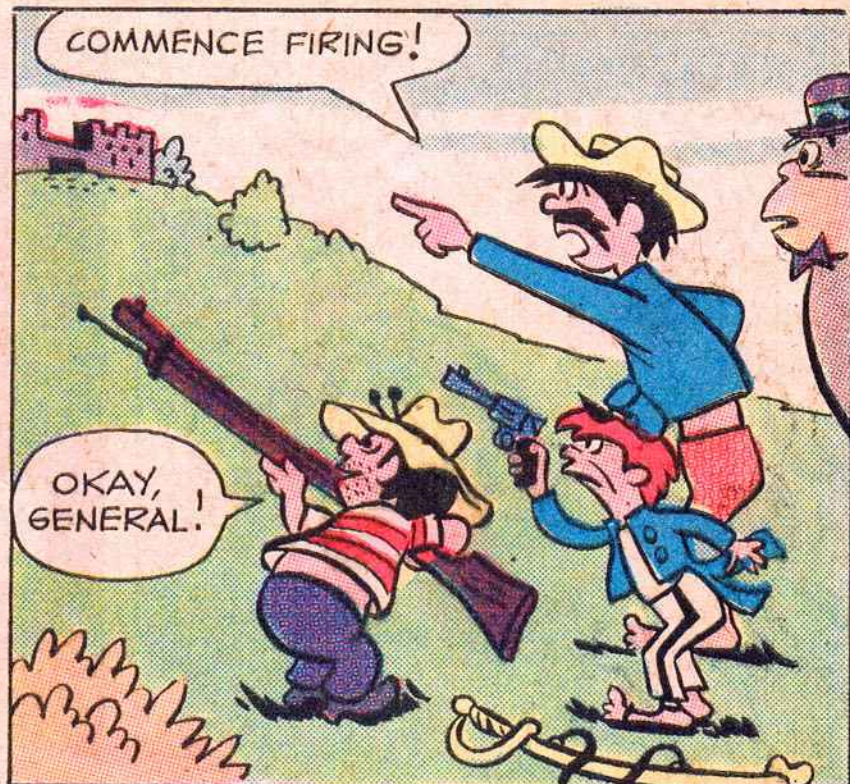
MAGILLA GORILLA in DON'T SHAKE MY TREE!

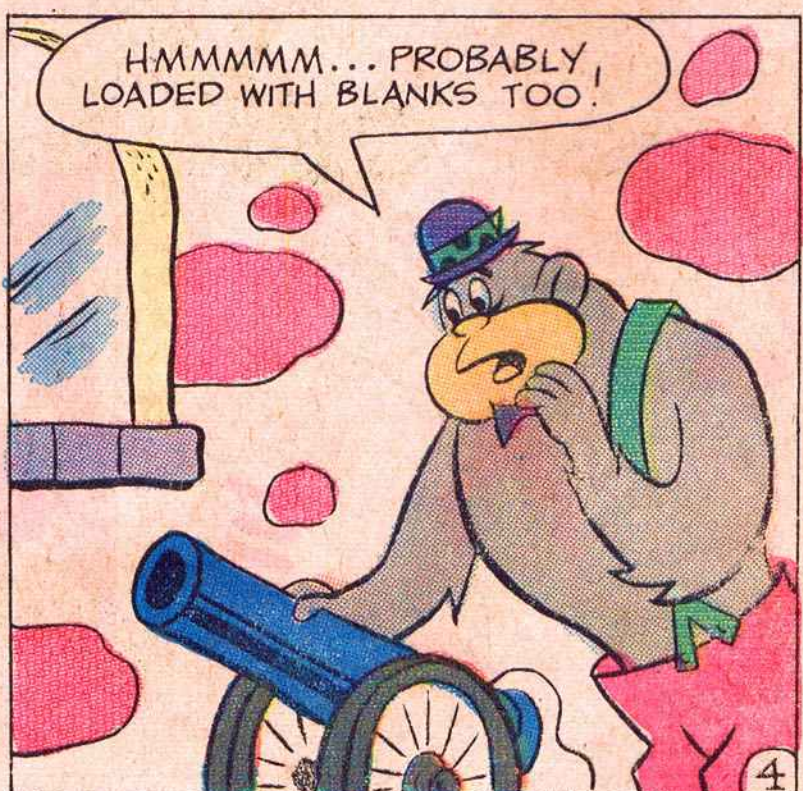
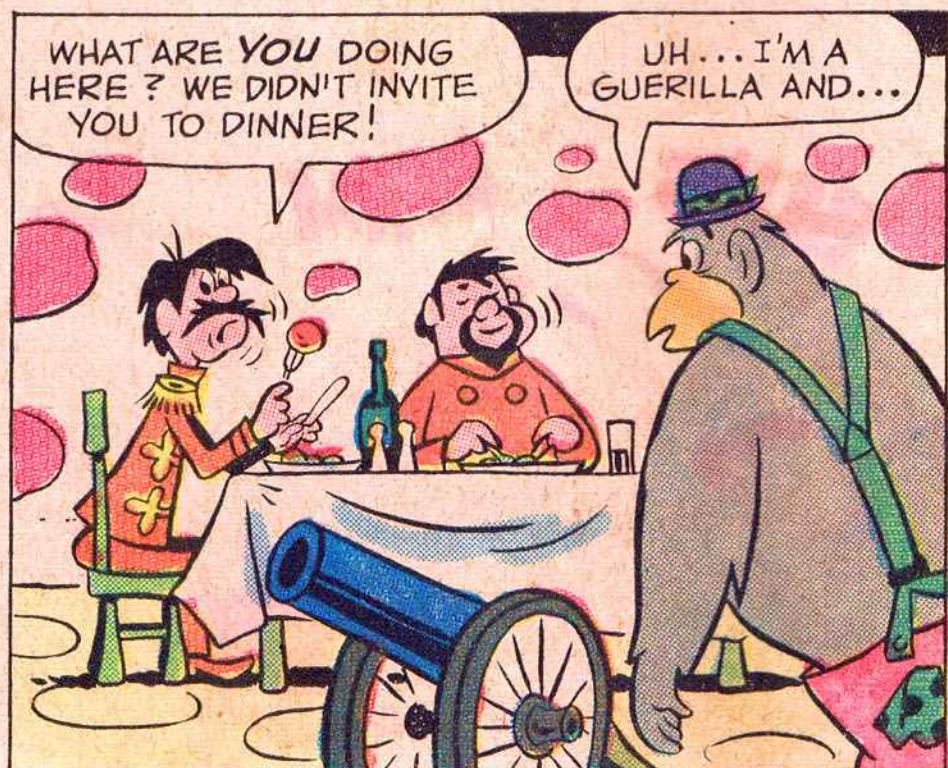
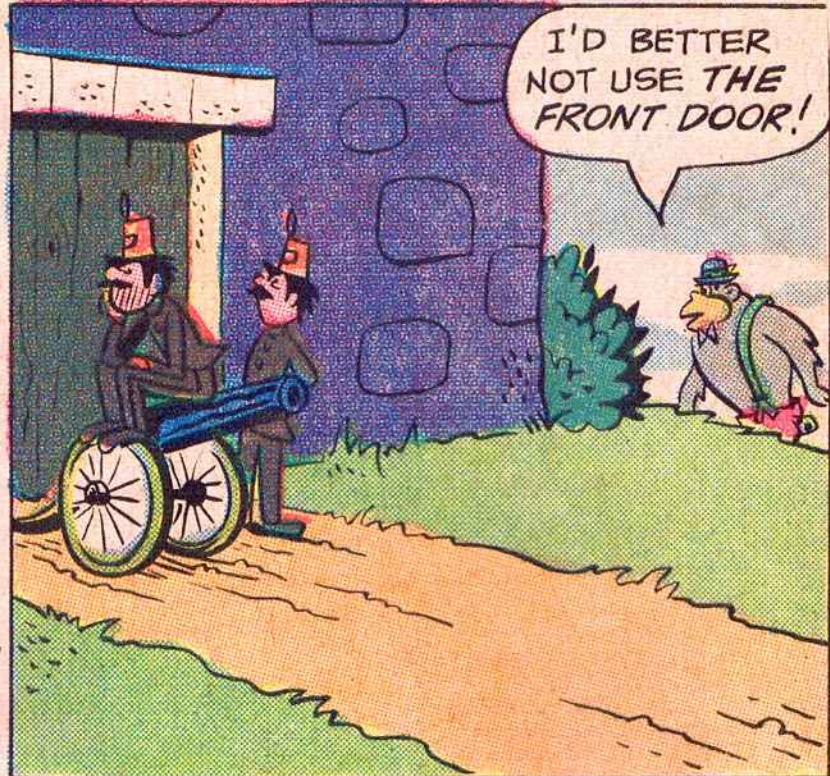


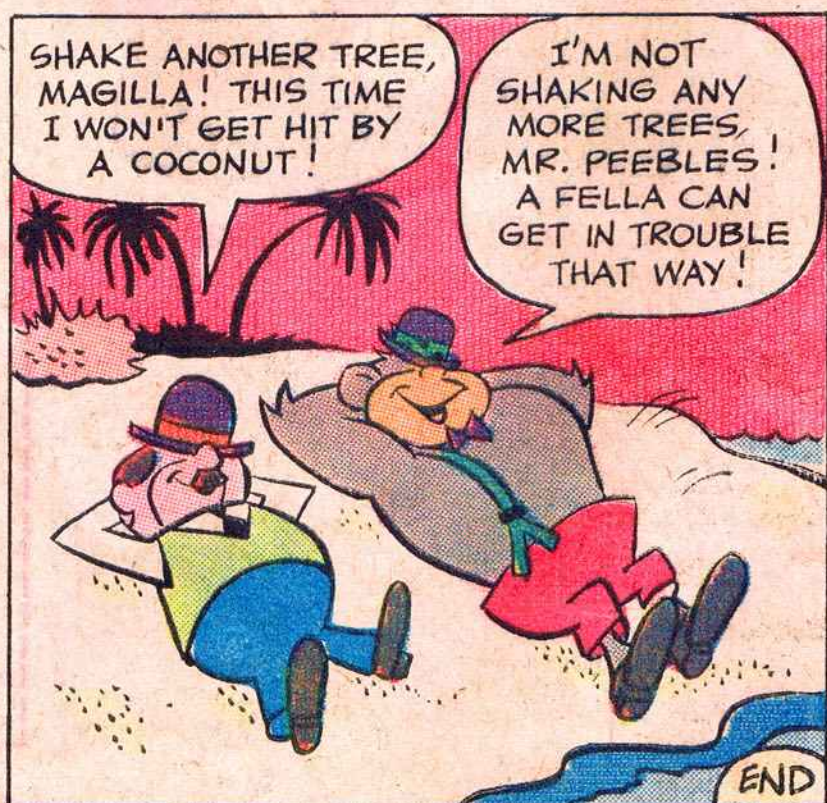
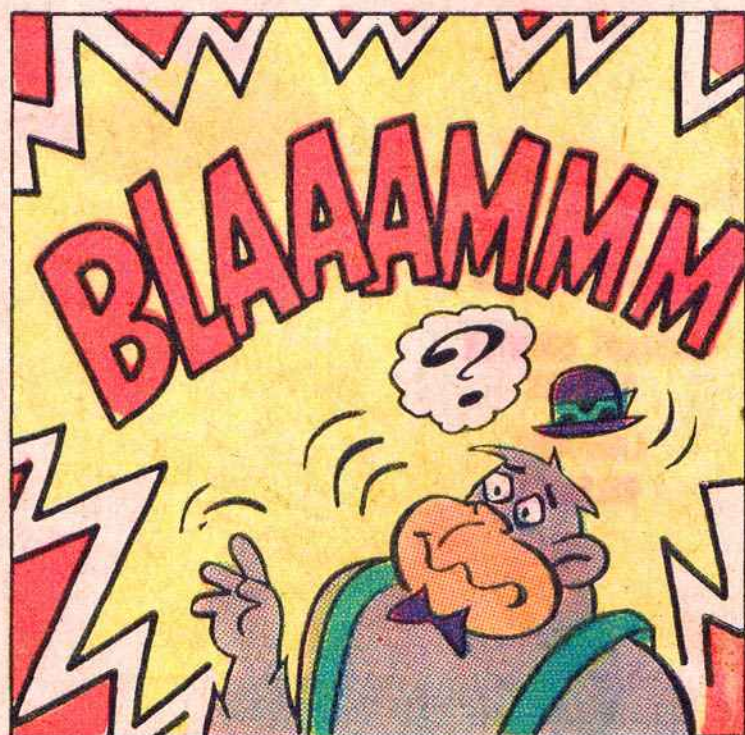
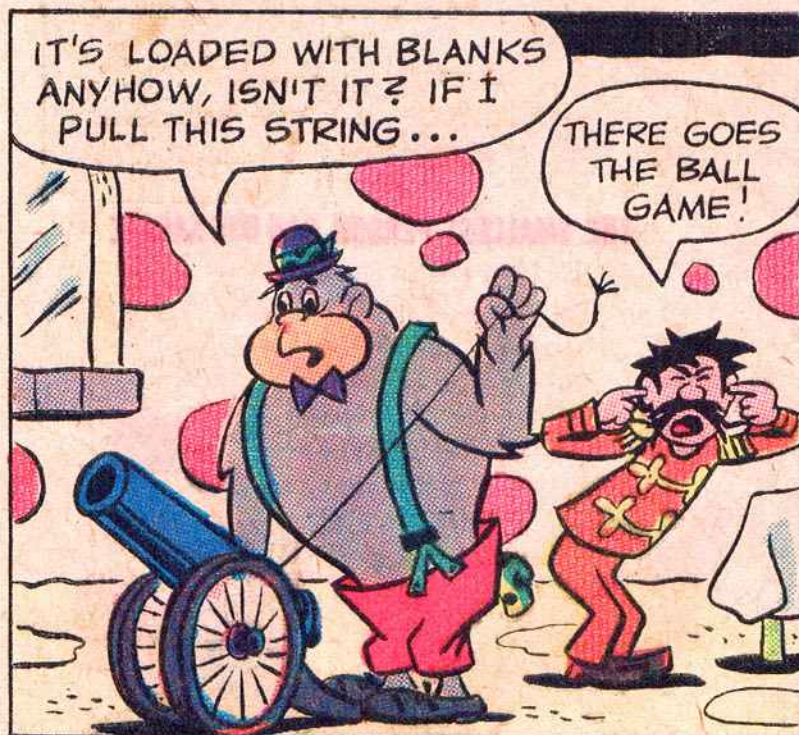
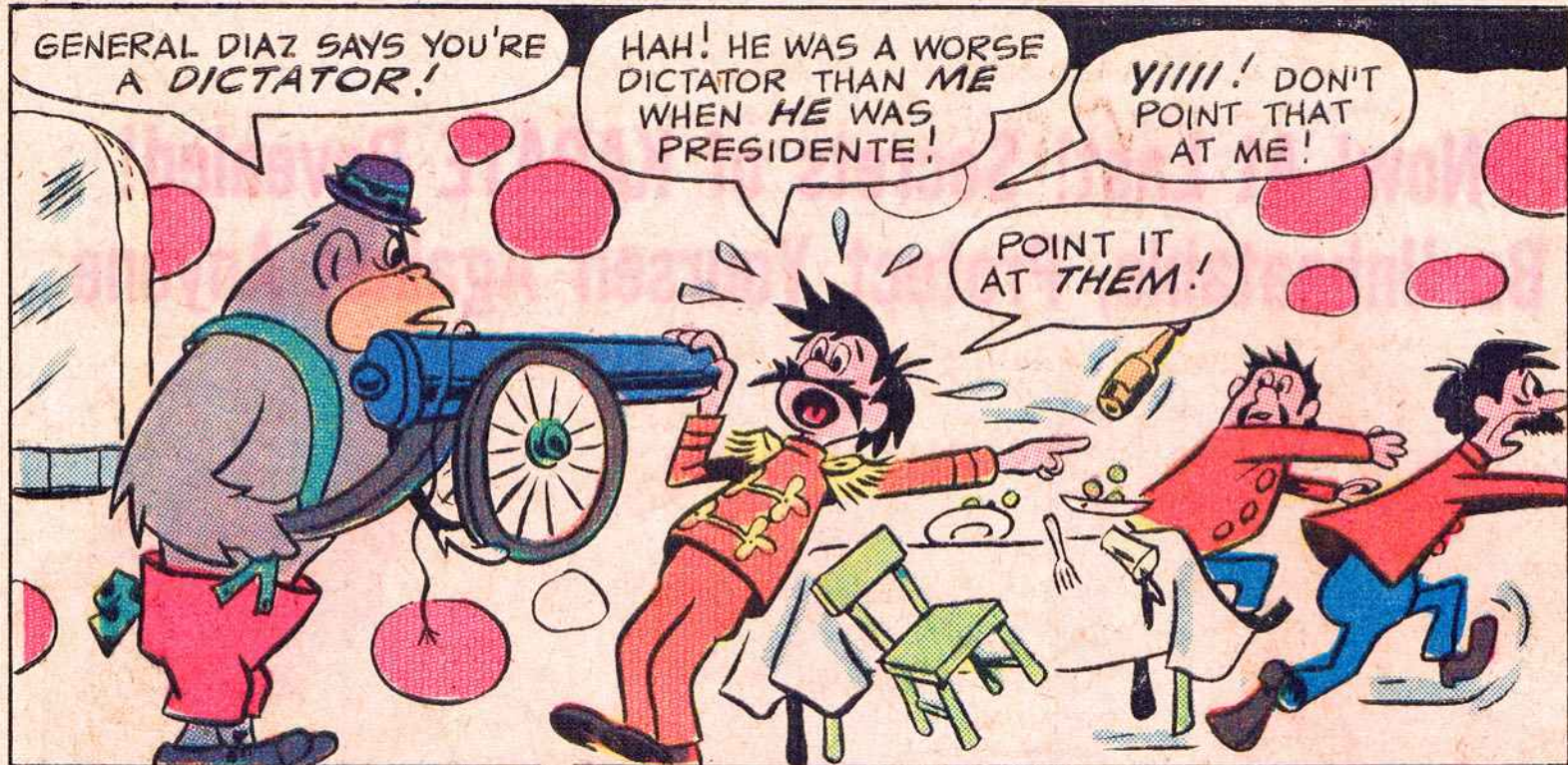
MAGILLACORILLA Vol. 1, No. 1, November, 1970,
published bimonthly by Charlton Press, Inc. at Charlton Building, Division St., Derby, Conn. 06418. © Copyright 1970 Charlton Press, Inc. International copyright
secured. All rights reserved. 15¢ per copy. Subscription 90¢ annually. Printed in U.S.A. Sal Gentile, Managing Editor. The stories, characters and incidents portrayed
in this periodical are entirely fictitious, and no identification with actual persons, living or dead, is intended.
This magazine has been produced and sold subject to the restrictions that it shall only be resold at retail as published and at full cover price. It is a violation of these
stipulations for this magazine to be offered for sale by any vendor in a mutilated condition, or at less than full cover price.

© 1970, HANNA-BARBERA PRODUCTIONS, INC.









MAGILLA GORILLA in The HEAVY WEIGHT CHAMP

SINCE YOU SAY BUSINESS IS SO BAD YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO PAY ME, MR. PEEBLES, I'VE GOT TO FIND ANOTHER JOB!

YOU LAZY BUM, HOW CAN YOU SIT THERE AND WATCH ME WORK LIKE THIS?

THIS ONE IS PERFECT!

WANT ADS

STORY BY JOE GILL
ART BY RAY DIRGO

D-822

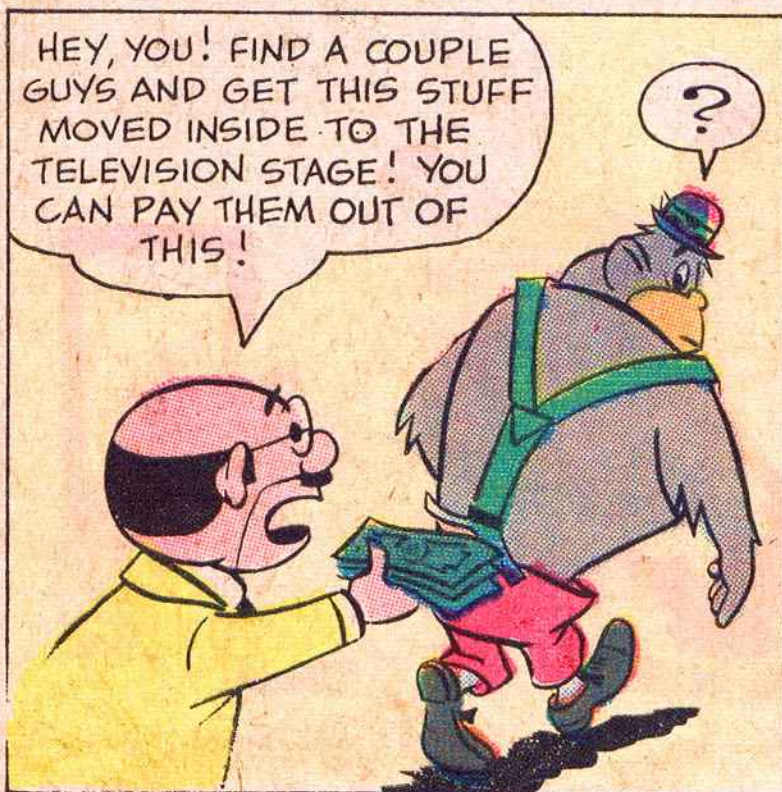
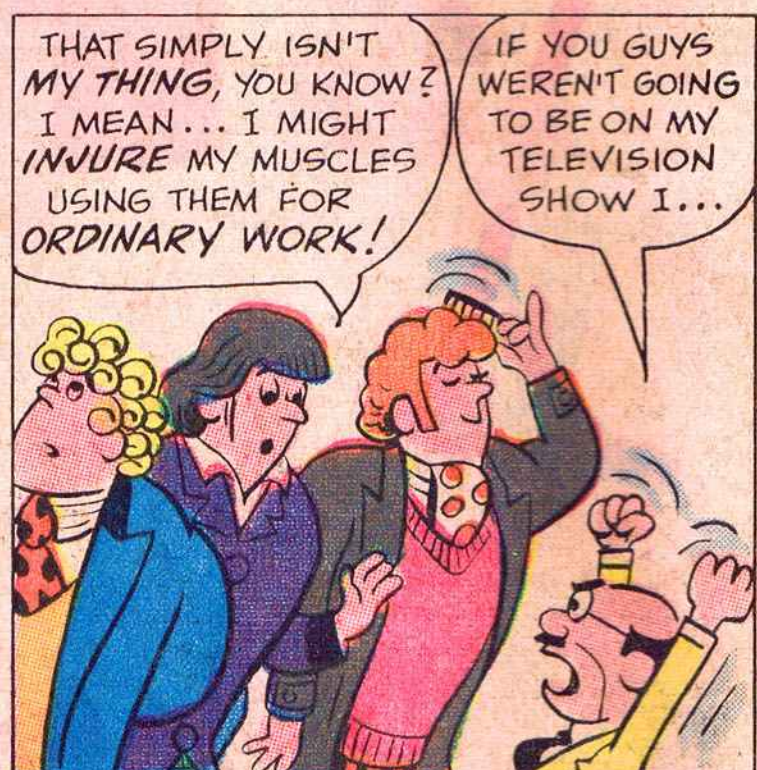
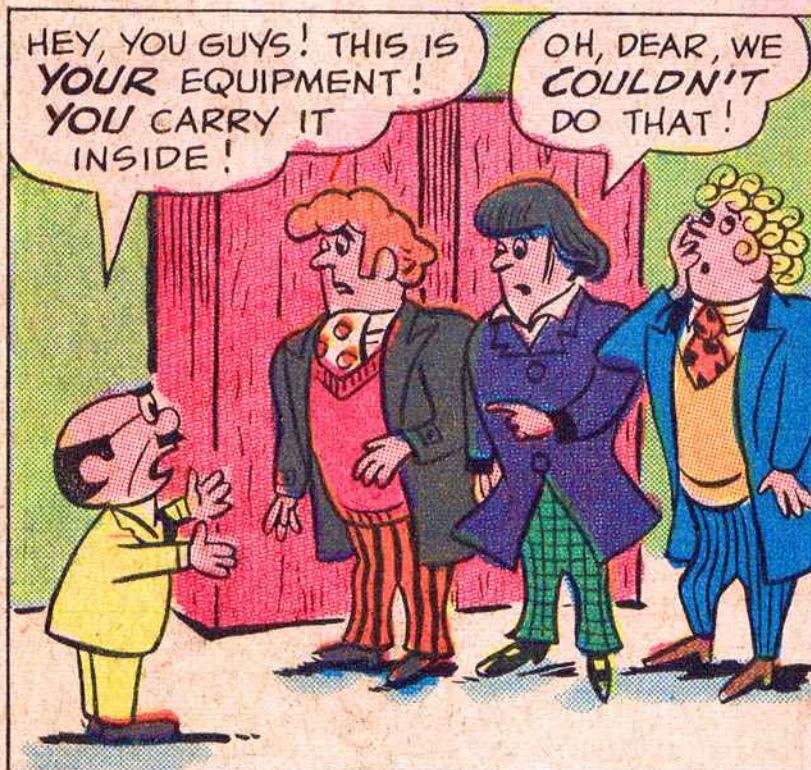
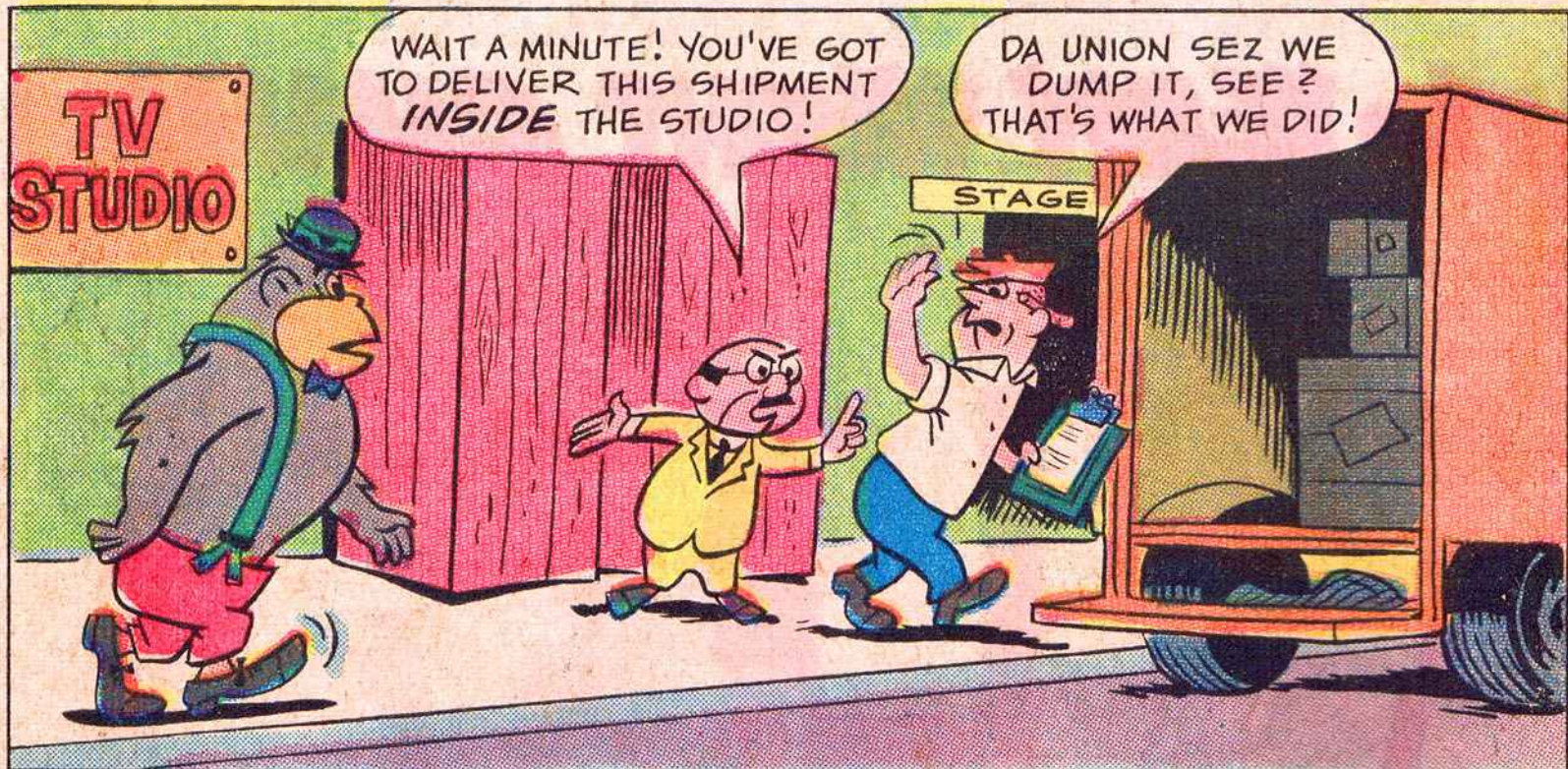
BRIGHT, TALENTED MAN WITH ADMINISTRATIVE ABILITY AND COLLEGE DEGREE! WHAT'RE YOU LAUGHING AT, PEEBLES?

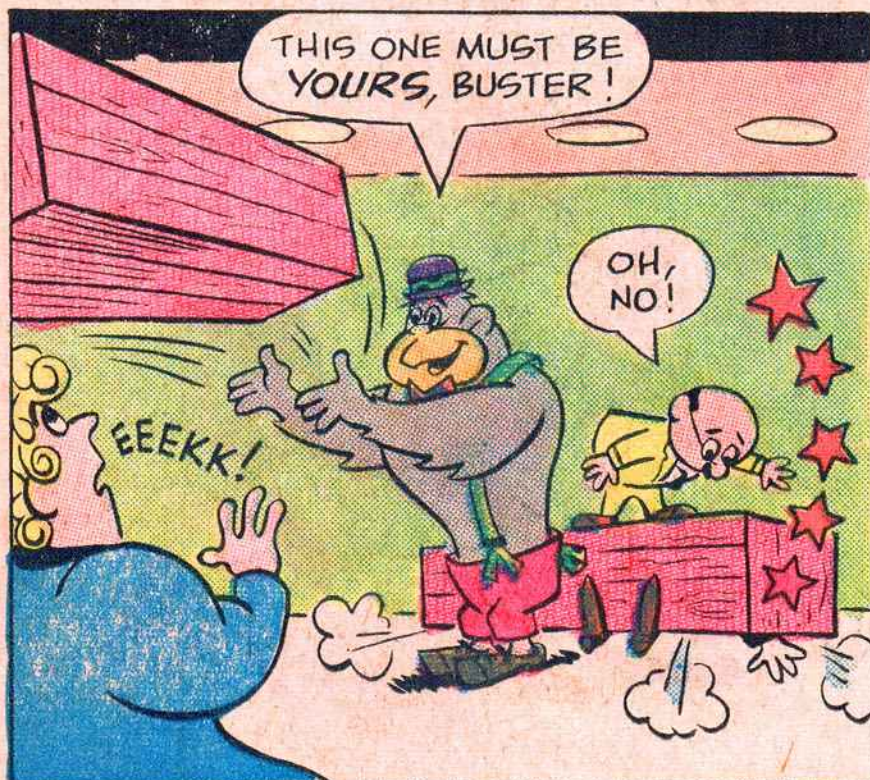
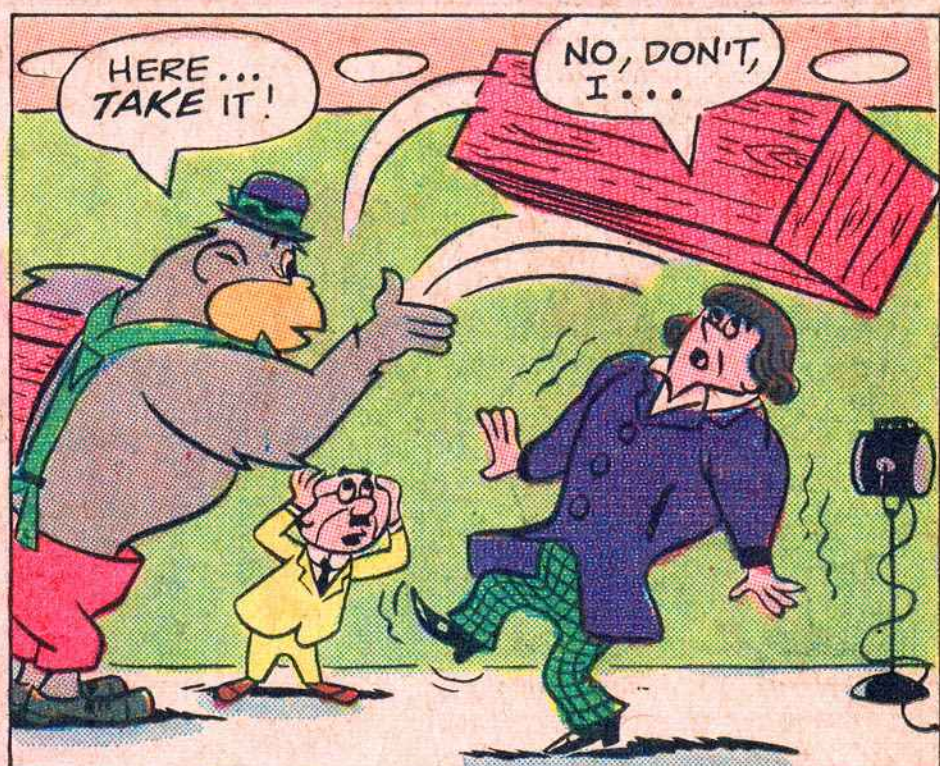
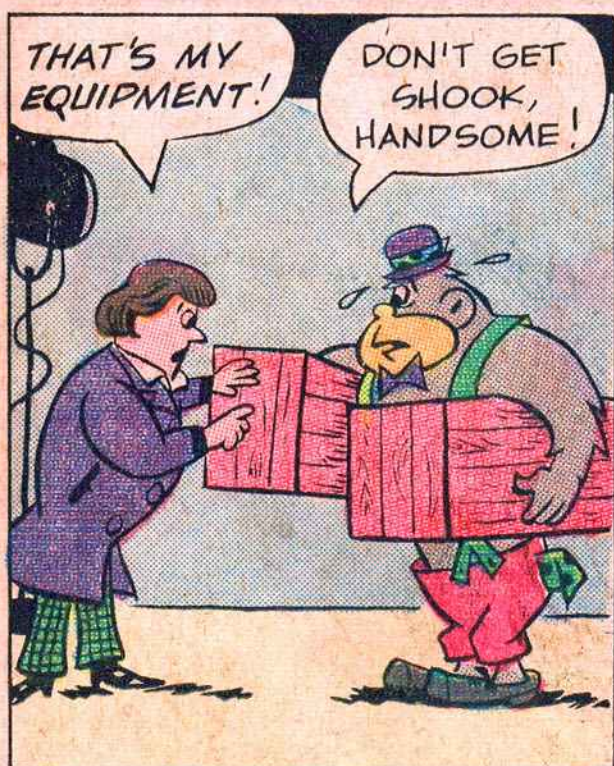
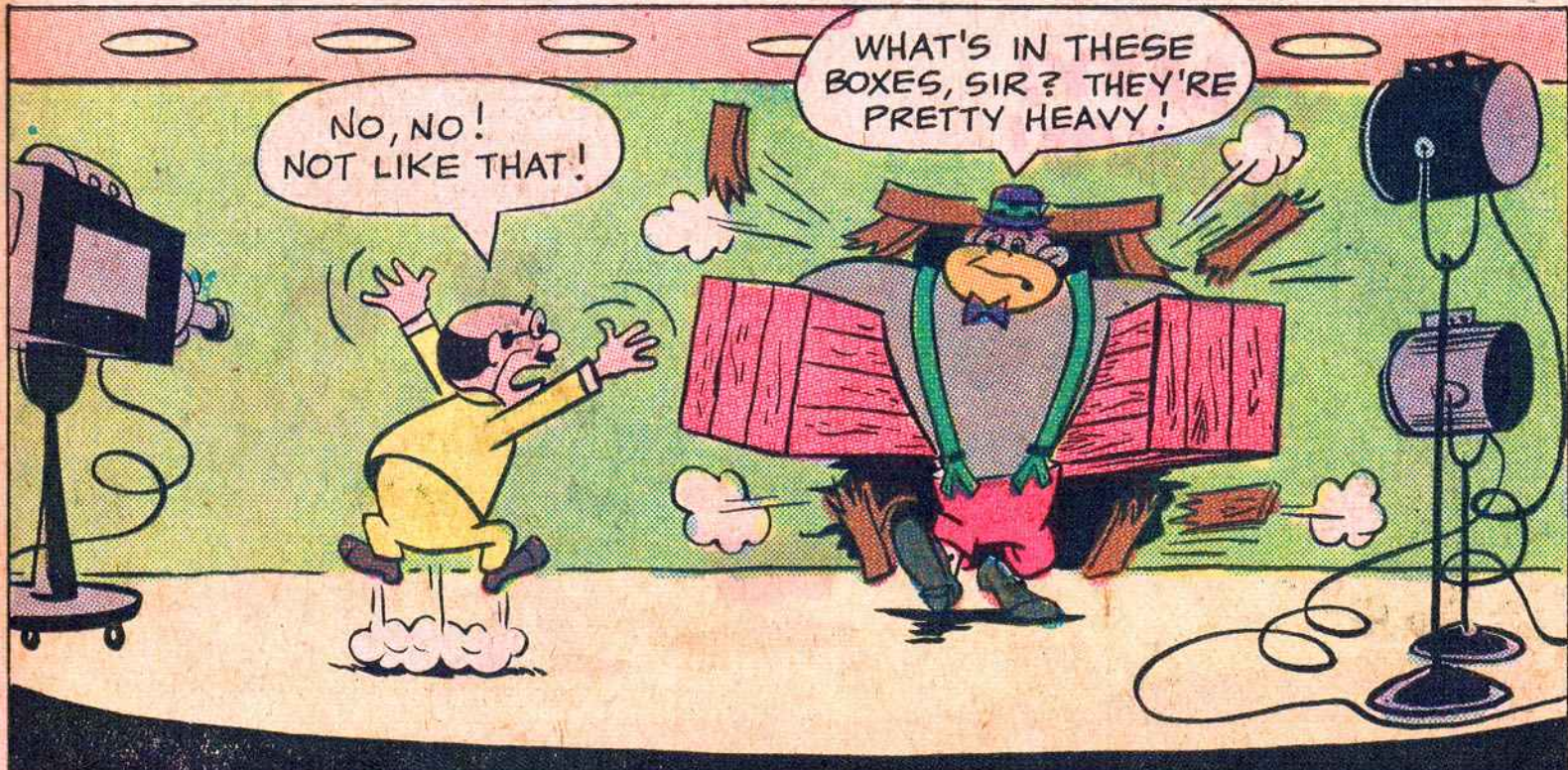
HEE HEE HEE

GASP!
YOU,
MAGILLA!

HEE HEE

YEAH? I'LL SHOW YOU, PEEBLES! I'M GONNA FIND A JOB RIGHT NOW!

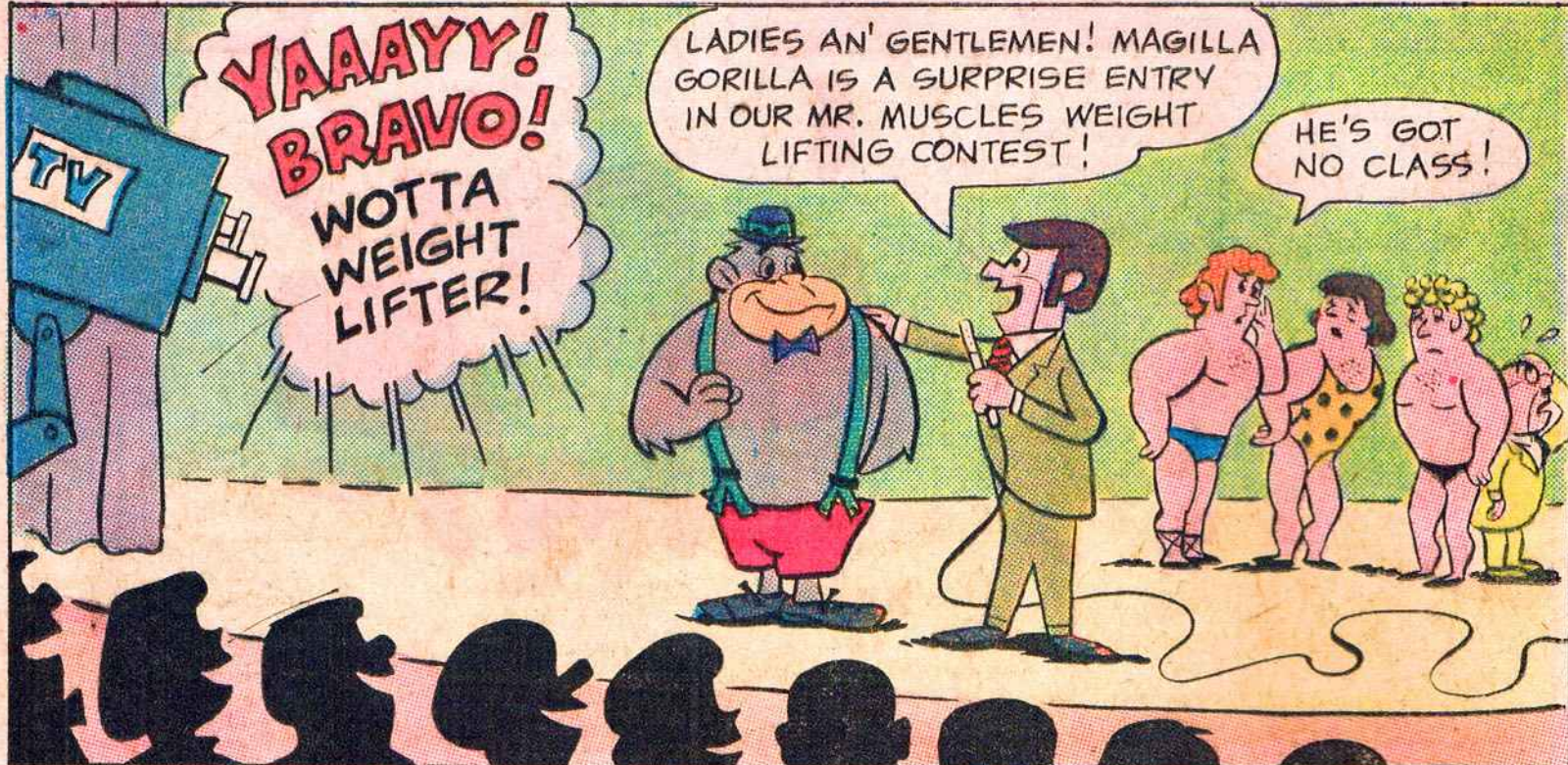




**YAAAYY!
BRAVO!
WOTTA
WEIGHT
LIFTER!**

LADIES AN' GENTLEMEN! MAGILLA GORILLA IS A SURPRISE ENTRY IN OUR MR. MUSCLES WEIGHT LIFTING CONTEST!

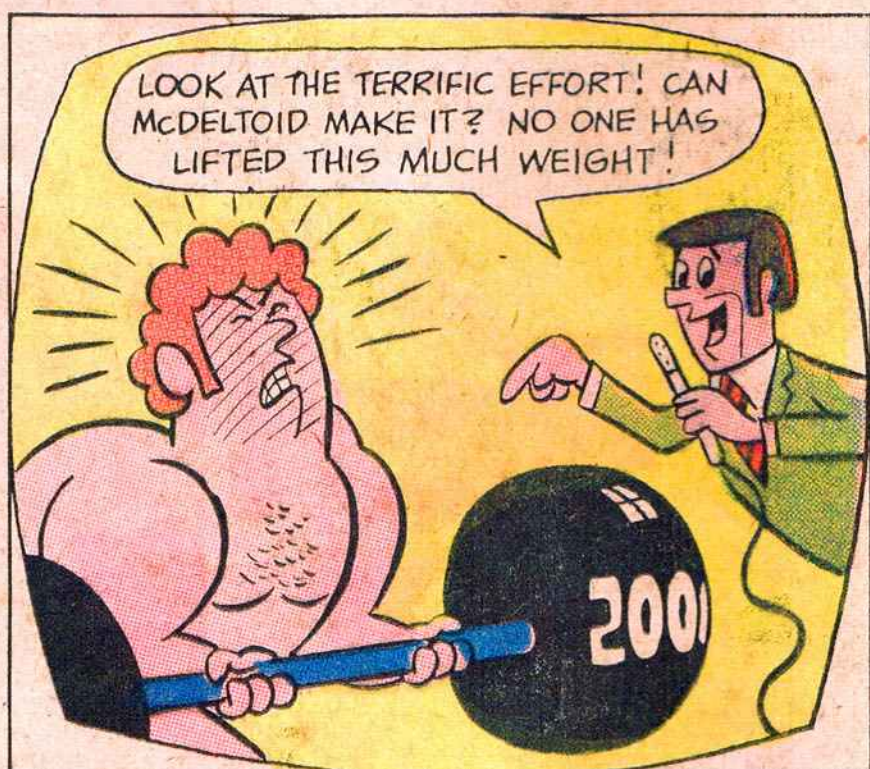
HE'S GOT NO CLASS!



NOW, CECIL McDELTOID WILL ENDEAVOR TO LIFT 4000 LBS!

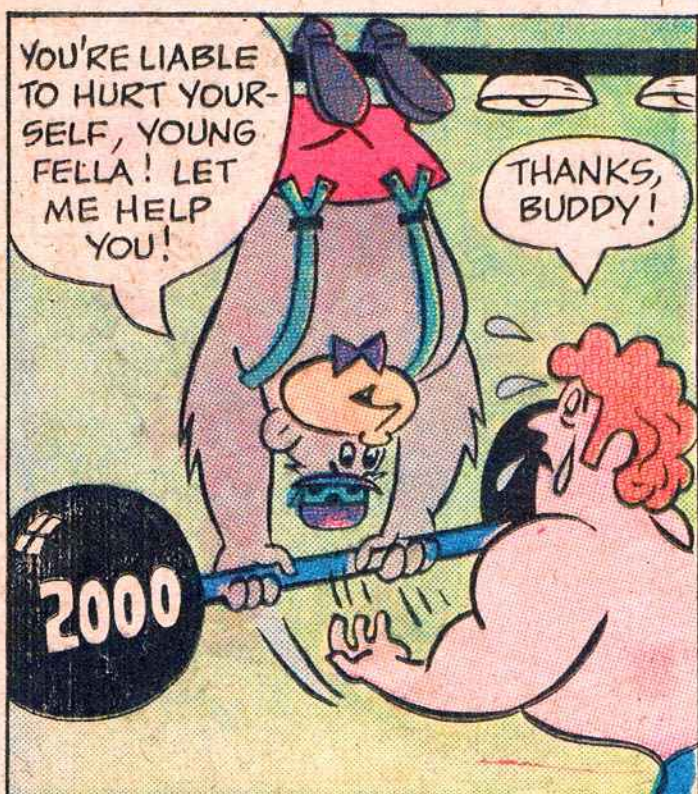


LOOK AT THE TERRIFIC EFFORT! CAN McDELTOID MAKE IT? NO ONE HAS LIFTED THIS MUCH WEIGHT!



YOU'RE LIABLE TO HURT YOURSELF, YOUNG FELLA! LET ME HELP YOU!

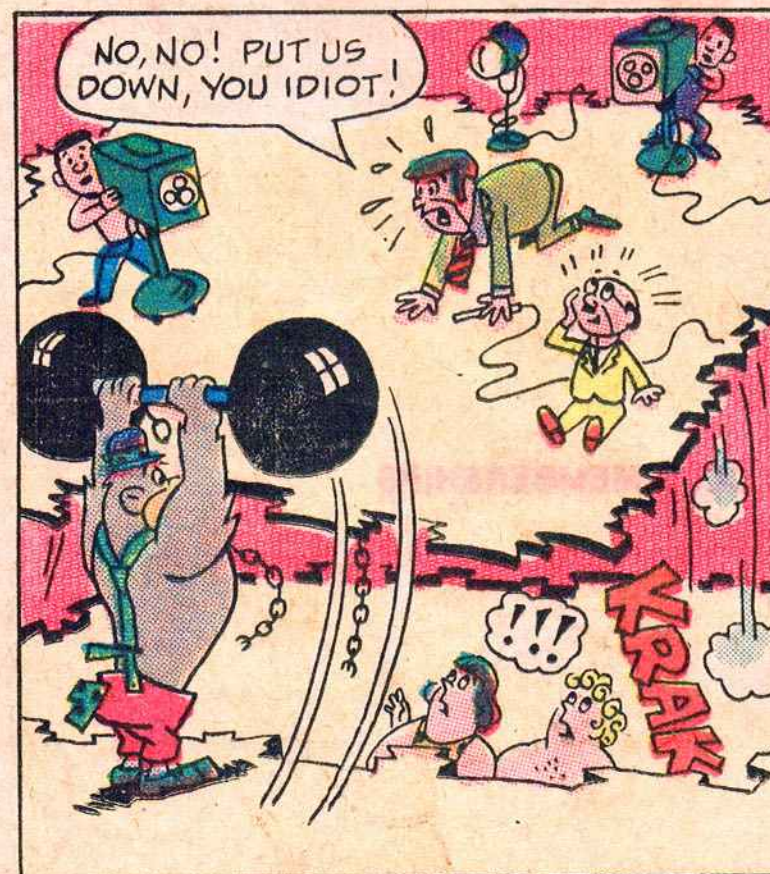
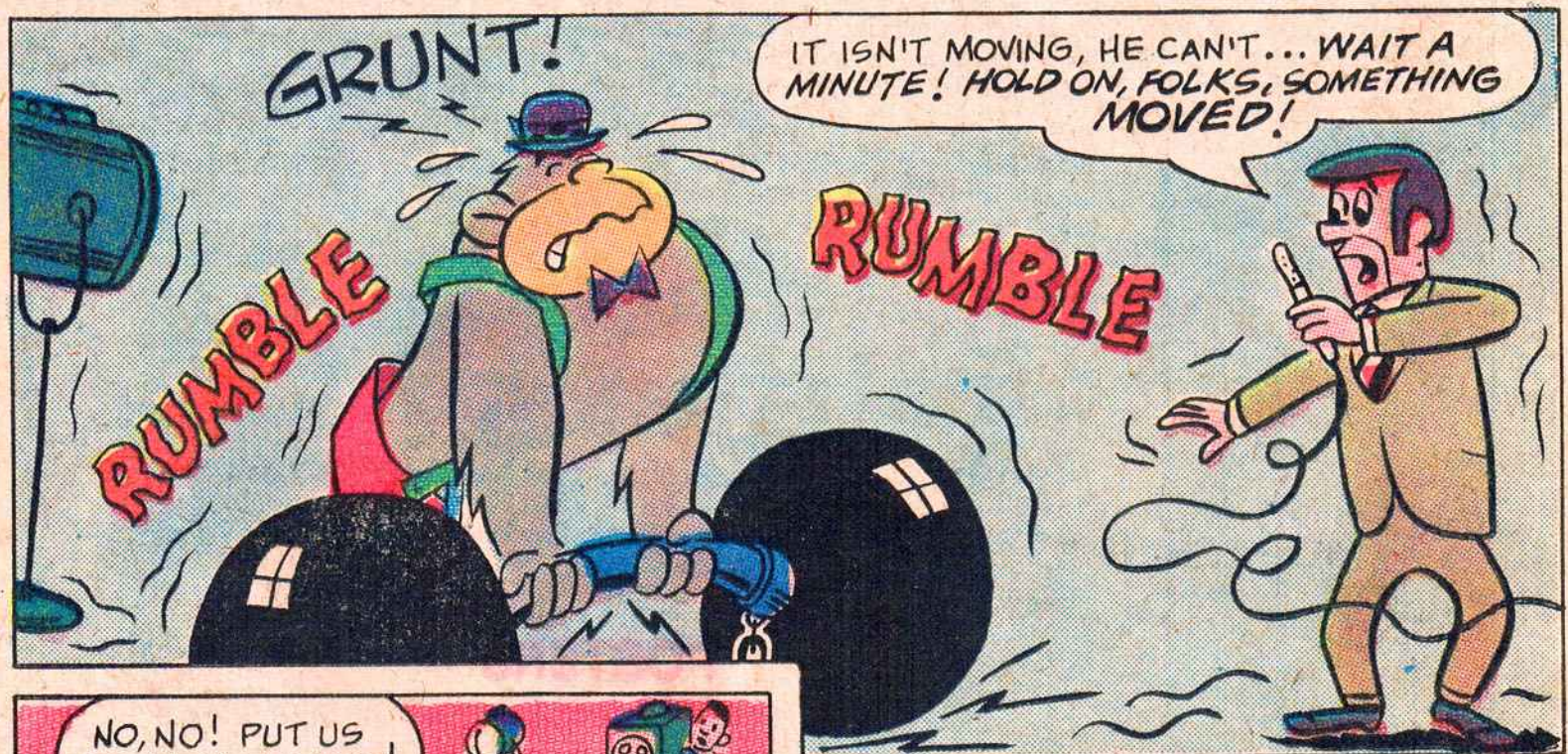
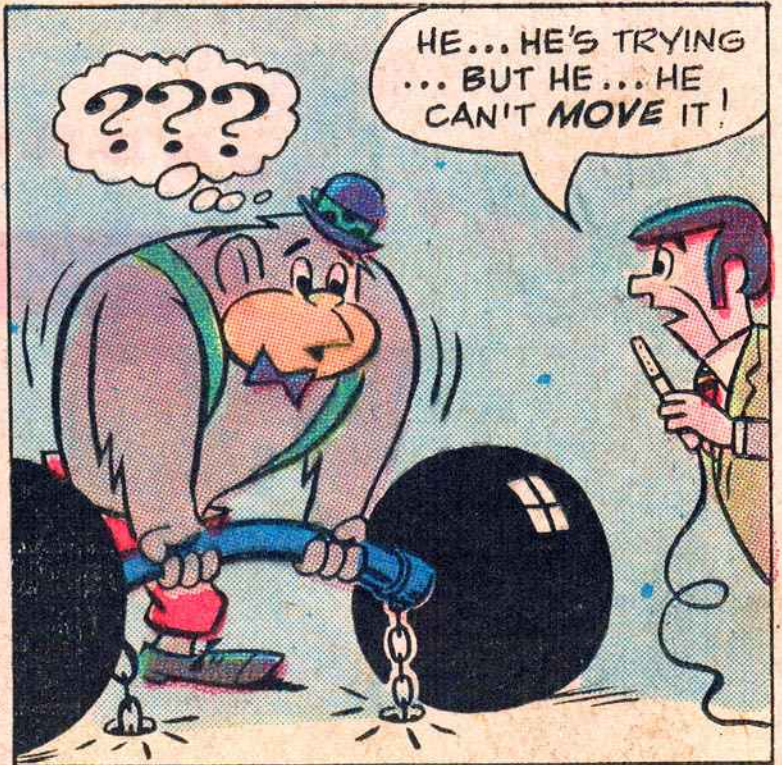
THANKS, BUDDY!



AND...

LADEEZ 'N GENUWMEN, MAGILLA GORILLA JUST BROKE EVERY RECORD IN THE BOOK! LET'S GIVE HIM A GREAT BIG HAND!





RUN-AWAY BOY

There comes a time in the life of a little boy when he feels he is being treated unjustly at home. What to do? Then somehow the idea gets into his mind in the form of a question: Why not run away from home? By doing this he will definitely punish his parents. They will be sorry for the shabby way in which they treated him. How heartbroken and scared they will be - when he isn't around!

The situation varies from boy to boy. Marc was mad because his mother insisted that he practice forty minutes a day at the piano. He even offered a compromise:

"Make it just an even half hour mom, that way I will be able to play stick ball with Frank and Joe."

But mother was most insistent on her time schedule at the keyboard. Marc even tried a little sabotage by hitting the wrong keys. Mother knew the technique to use in such a situation.

"Mistakes are on your time. I mean forty minutes without any mistakes."

That settled it! He would run away. His paternal grandfather had given him a sleeping bag. He would take that and some food. When they figured he was asleep - he would leave them. Perhaps he might write a note and pin it to his pillow. Telling them not to look for him.

All that Joe wanted was a new pair of skates. They even had them at a special bargain rate. Just a new pair of skates, that was all he wanted. So he could enter the roller skating derby of his class. His father checked over his old pair of skates and then made that final announcement:

"Perfectly o.k. to me. I will oil them a bit and I am certain you will win the derby."

Now who should know more about skates? The boy who uses them or the father who never had been on a pair of skates? That settled it! He could no longer remain in a house that refused to listen to him. He would run away to Mobassa! He wasn't too sure just where it was located or how to get there. If you raised your hand up - that was north. Your feet were to the south. Your right hand was to the west and your left hand was to the east. Or was it the right hand that was to the east and the left hand to the west? It really did not make much difference. He would ask somebody once he was away from home.

David could no longer remain in his home. He had been given a spanking by his father. Who ever heard of such a thing in this day and age? His dignity had been ruffled. If his friends should hear about it - that would be the end of the world. He wasn't even sure just what it was that he did at the supper table to merit such a terrible punishment. It didn't hurt too much. He had yelled and cried. But he knew that if he permitted his father to get away with this - the next spanking would be harder. When they discovered he had run away from home - they would cry and cry. Perhaps even offer a reward for his return.

Marc finally told his mother the news: "I am going to run away from home. You'll be sorry when I am gone."

She didn't show any sign of being scared. She just went on with the house work. This was no way for a mother to react. So he just sat down. Half an hour later she spoke to him.

"I see you are still here. What are you waiting for?"

He had to think quickly. His little brain came up with the answer.

"Waiting for dad to come home. He can drive me up the hill. I have too much to carry."

"The car is at the repair place," mother explained. "The car won't be fixed until Monday."

So Marc decided to give his parents another chance. Perhaps there could be things worse than practising at the piano.

David and Joe compared notes and decided to run away together. At 11 in the evening they would meet outside of Joe's back door. Which they did. It was an overcast night. Not a star in the sky. They walked six blocks from home. Were tired and even a wee bit scared. So they sat down on the street curb. From the depth of his heart, David came up with a sensible suggestion.

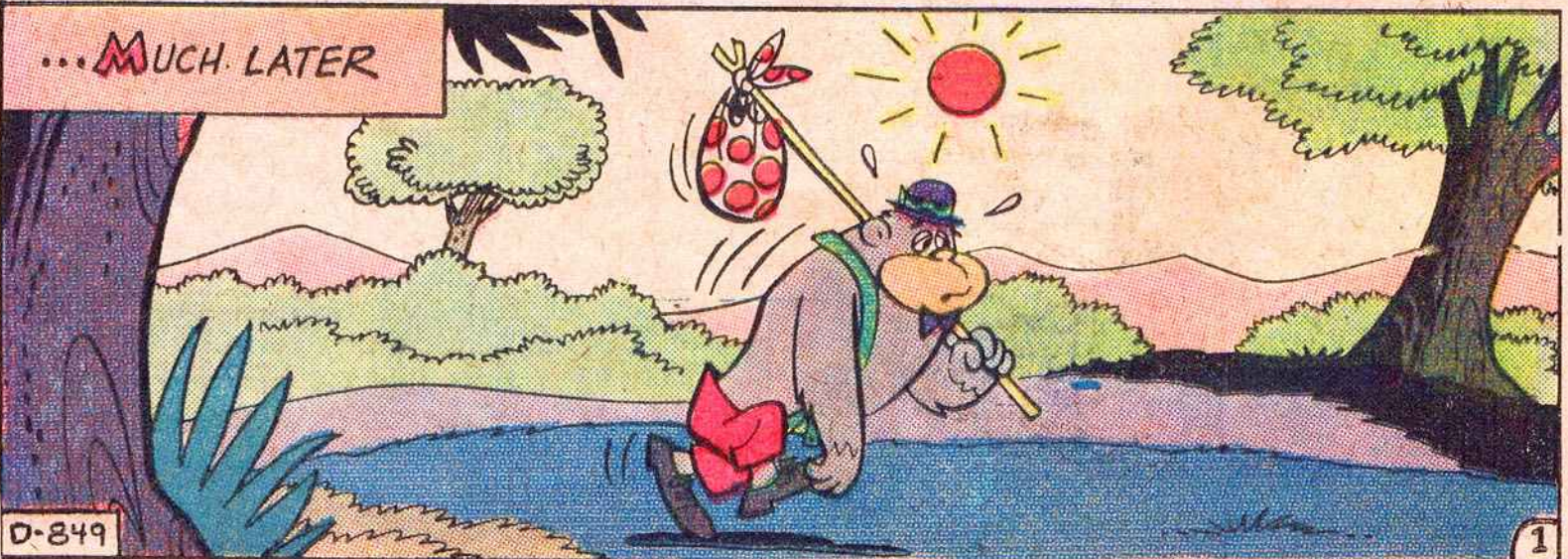
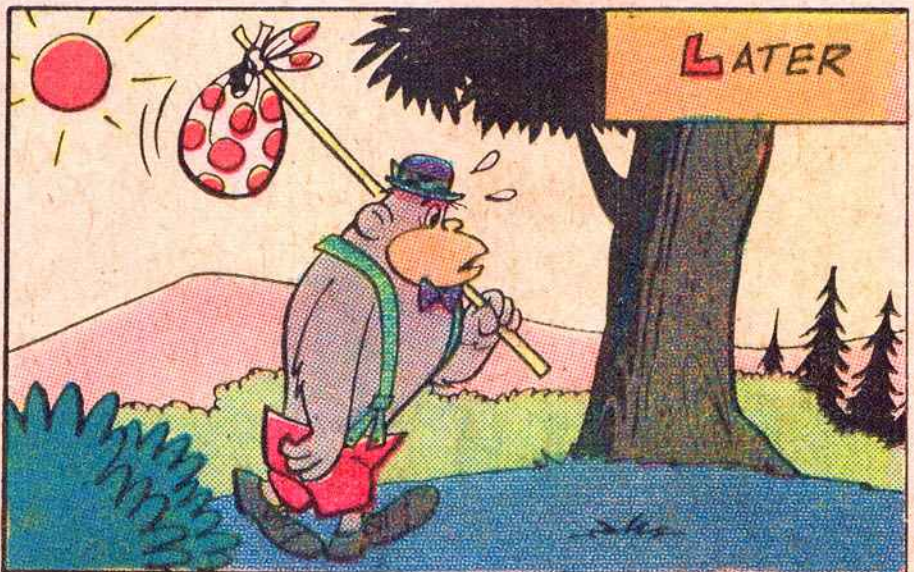
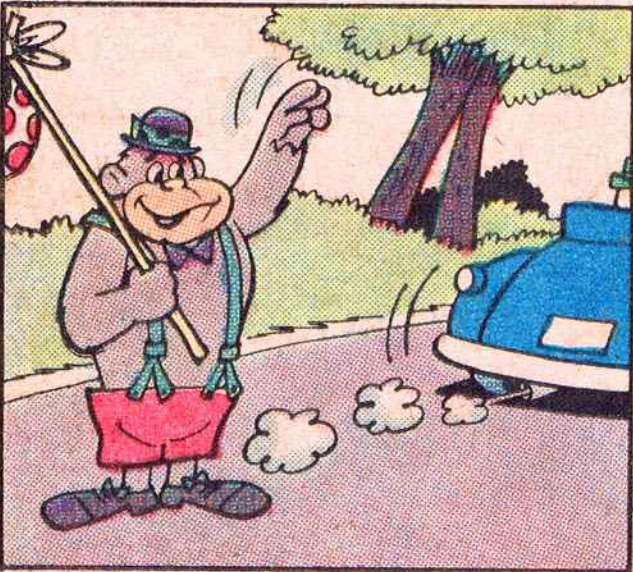
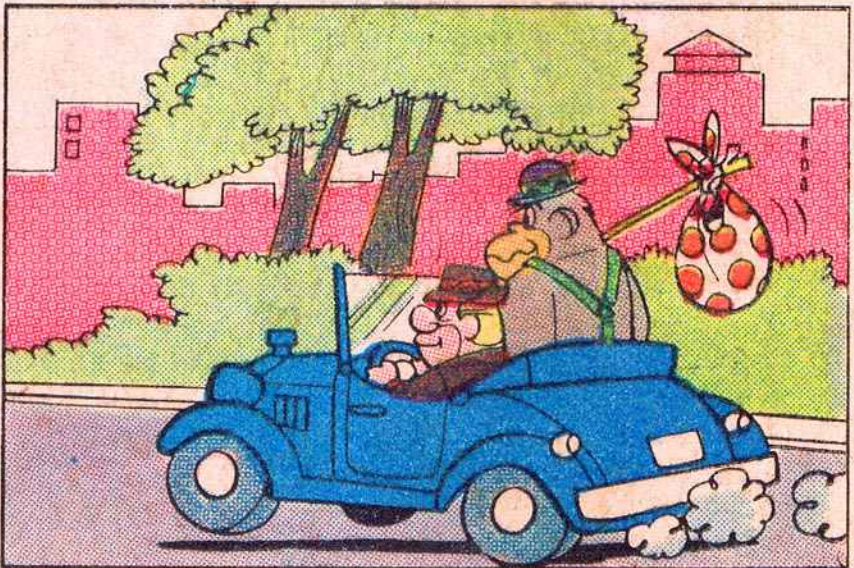
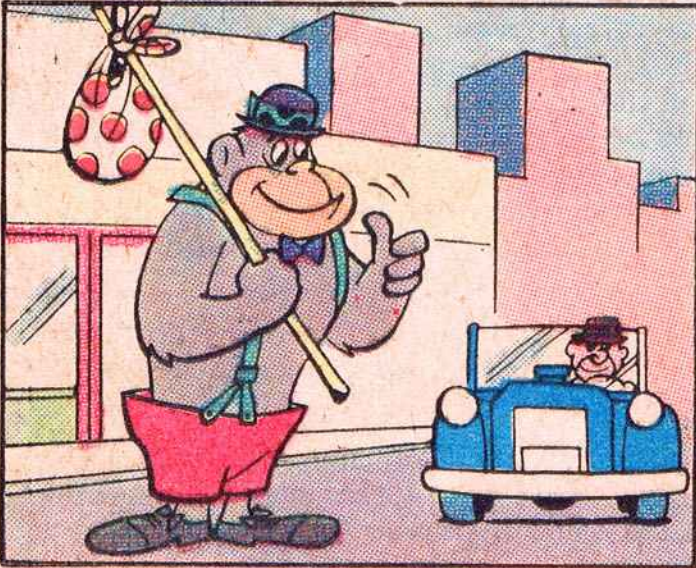
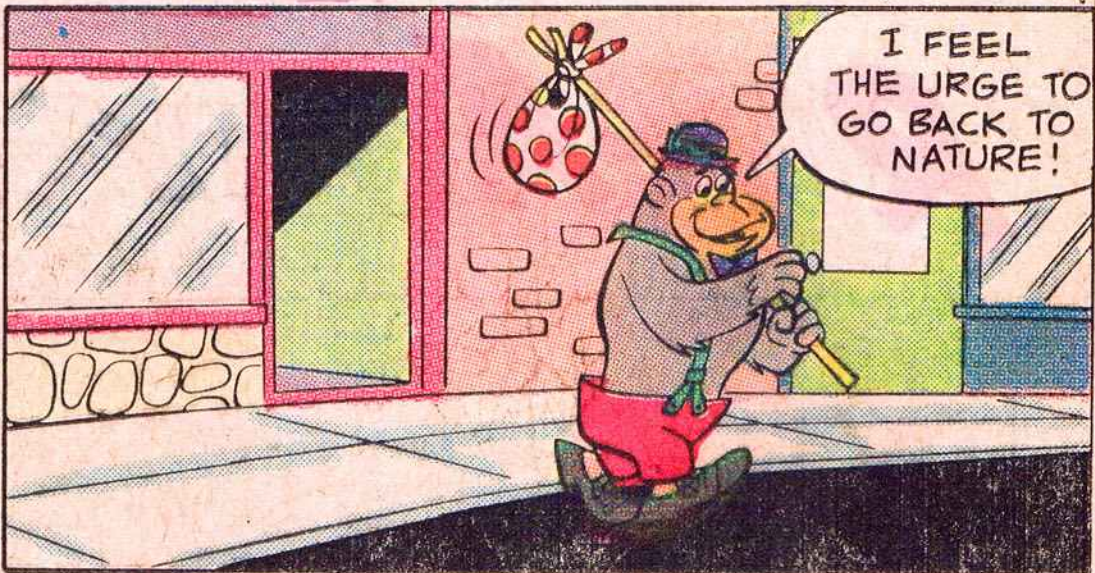
"Let's give our parents another chance. See how they act this coming week. Anyway there's a TV program I don't want to miss."

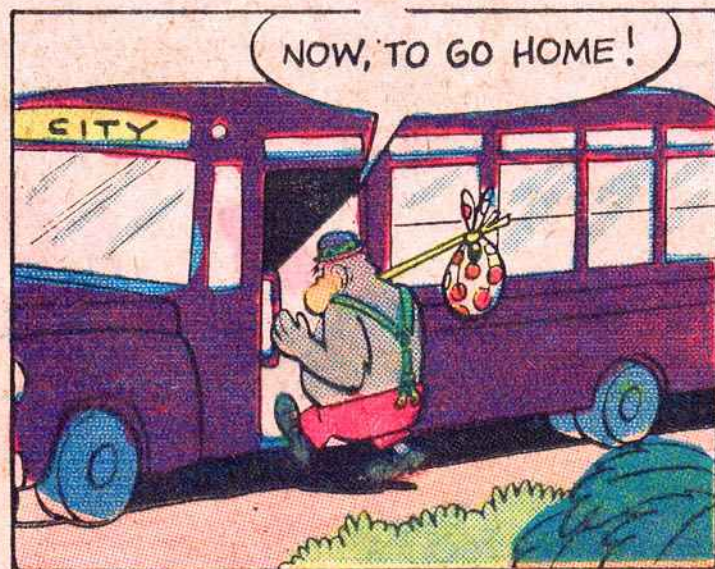
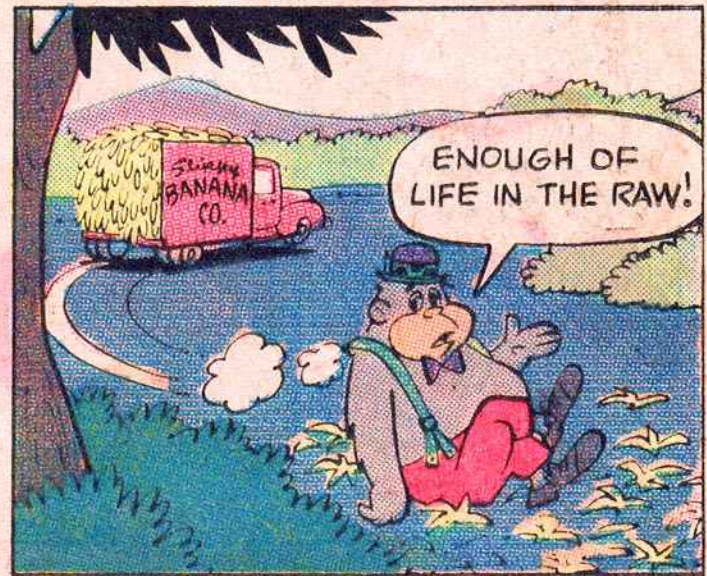
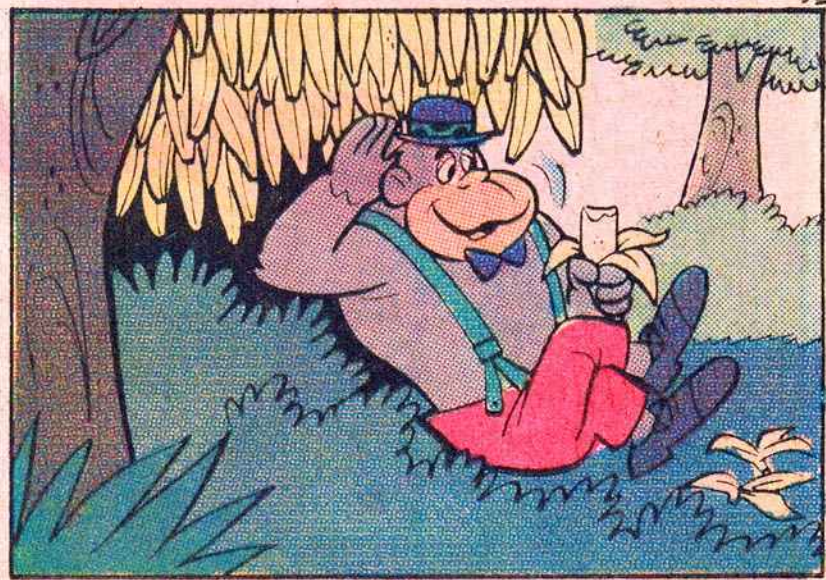
They never knew that every movement they had made was observed by a set of anxious parents.

MAGILLA GORILLA

in

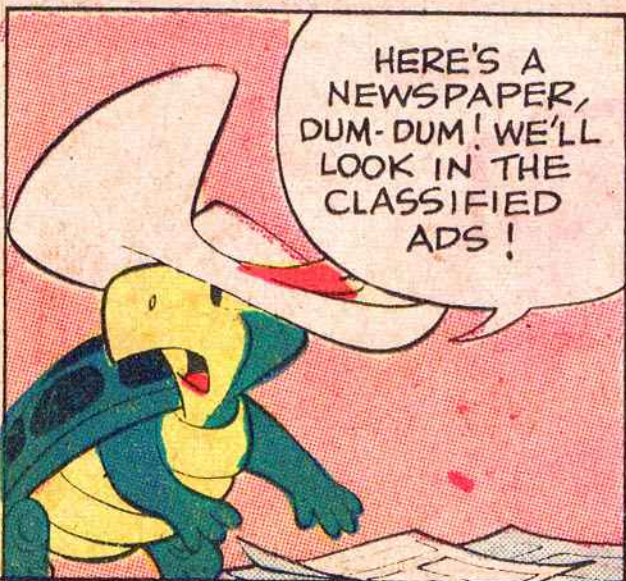
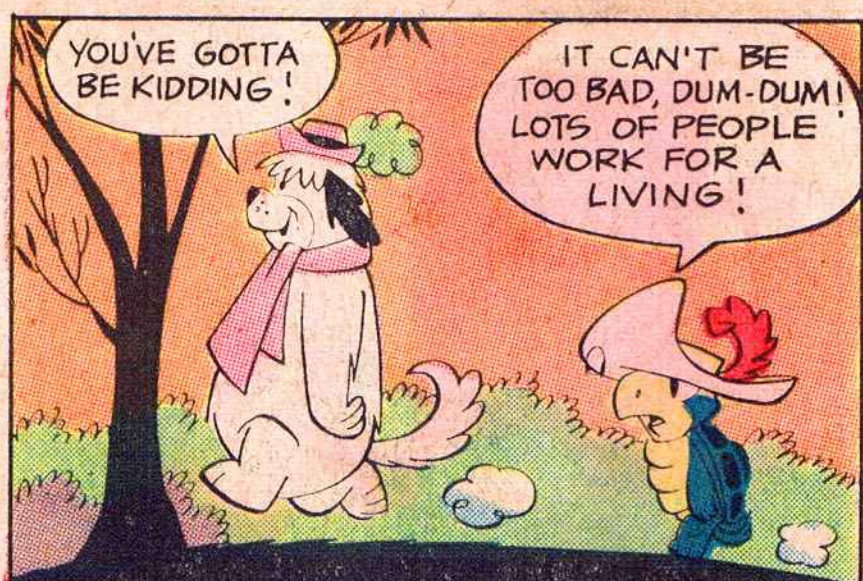
LUCKY GUY

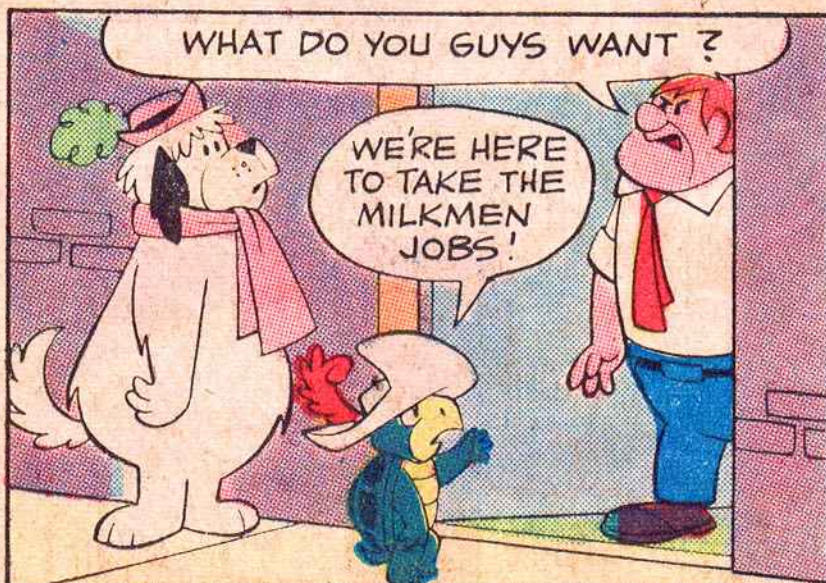
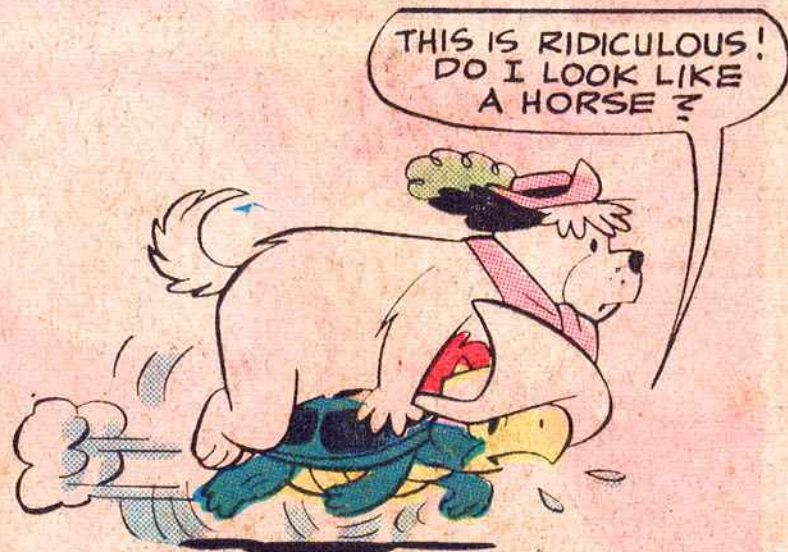
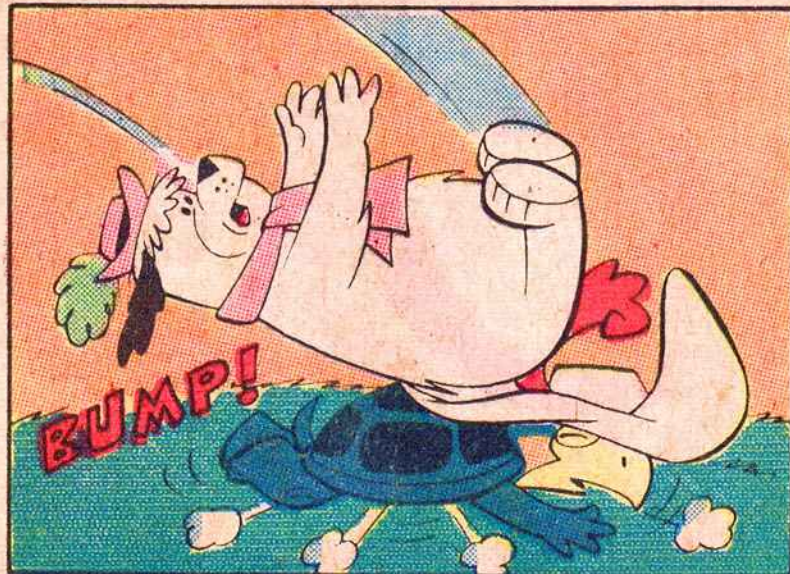
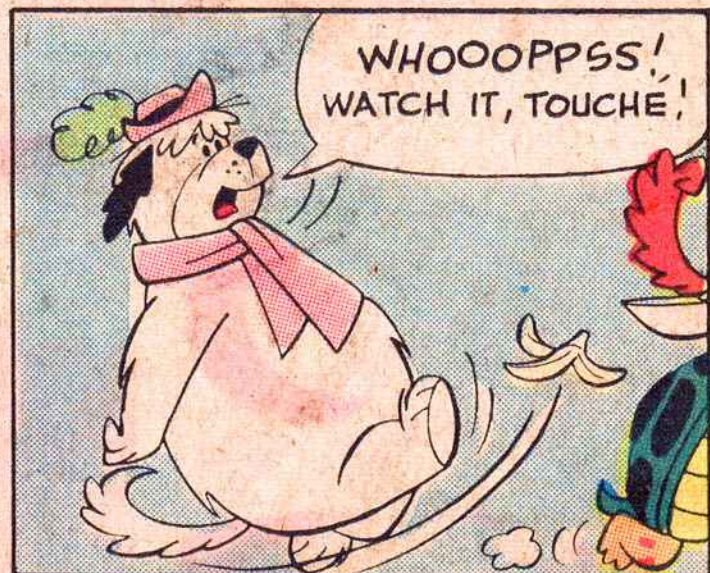
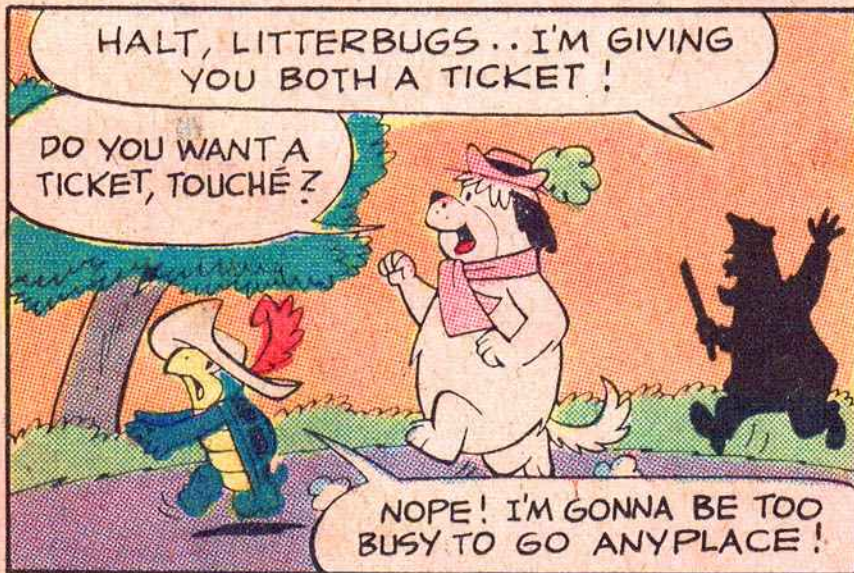
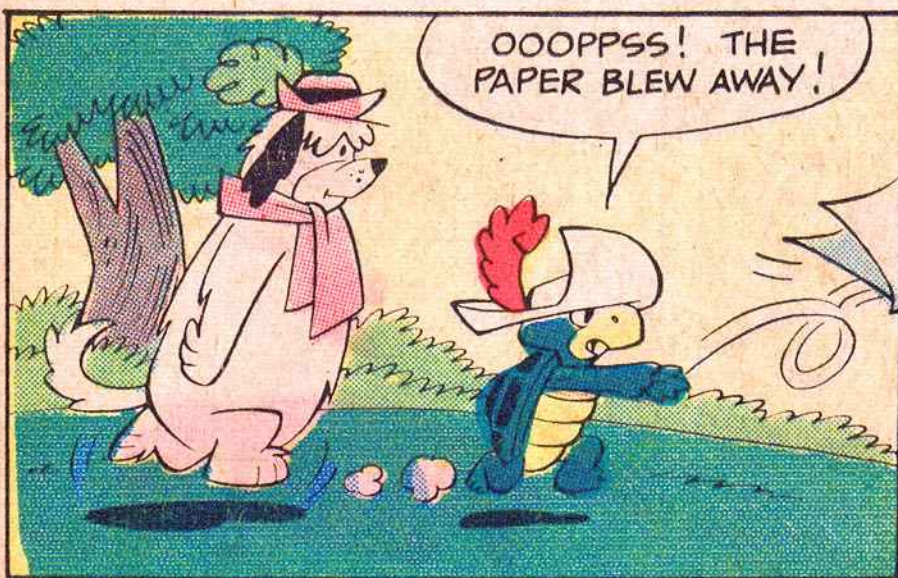


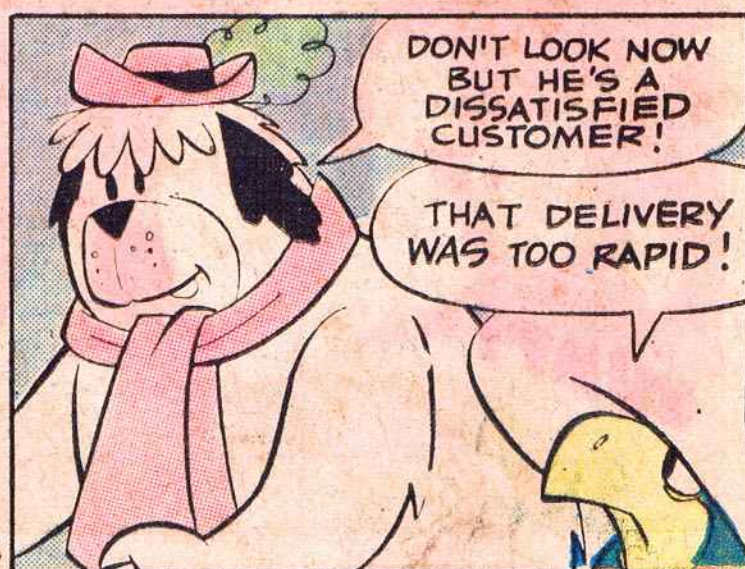
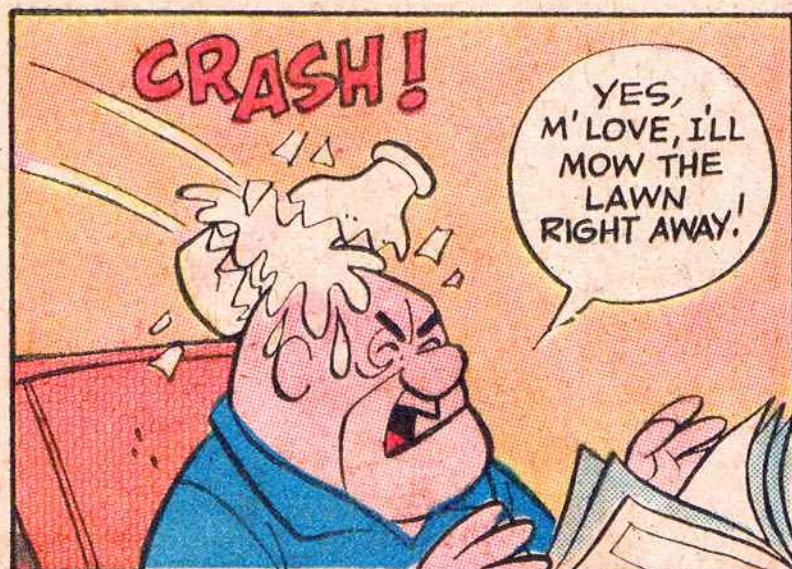
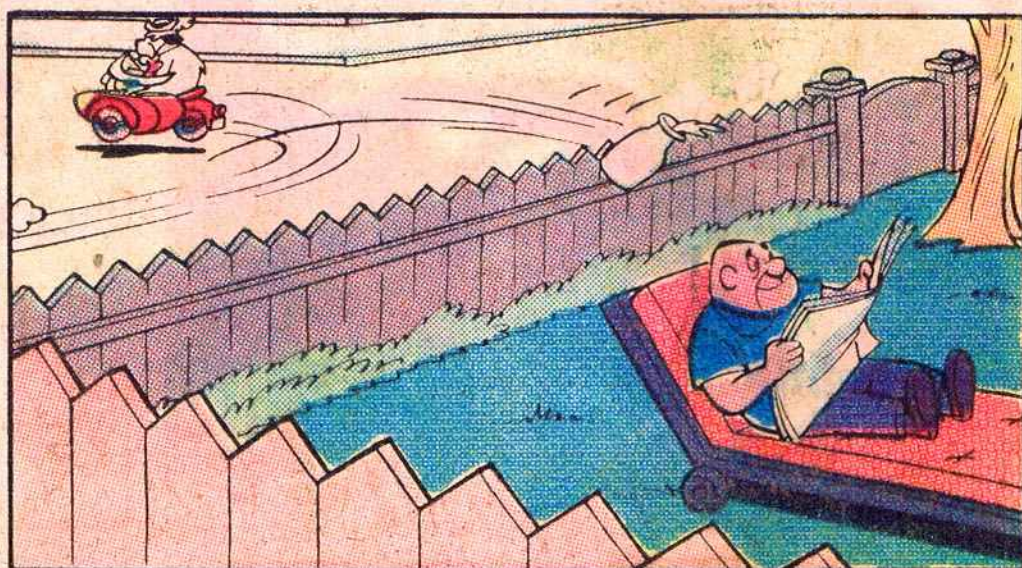
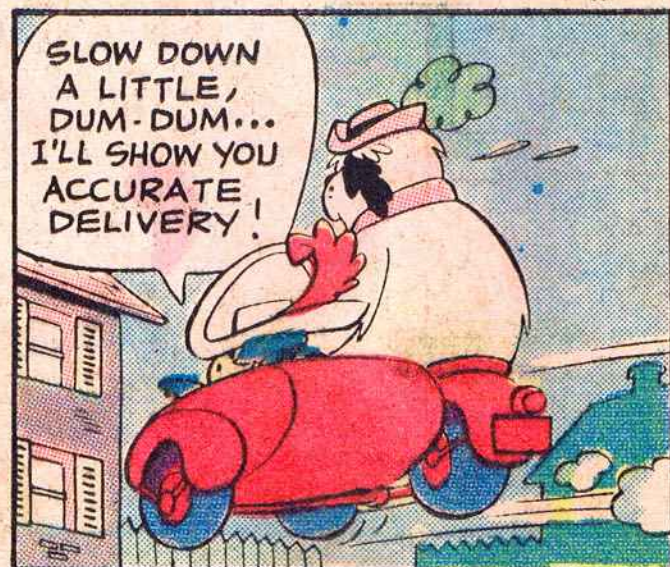
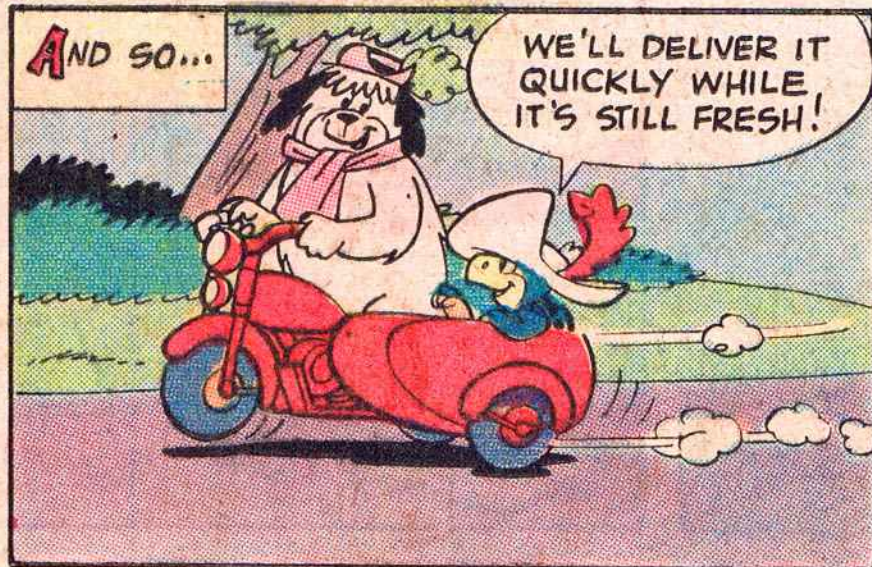


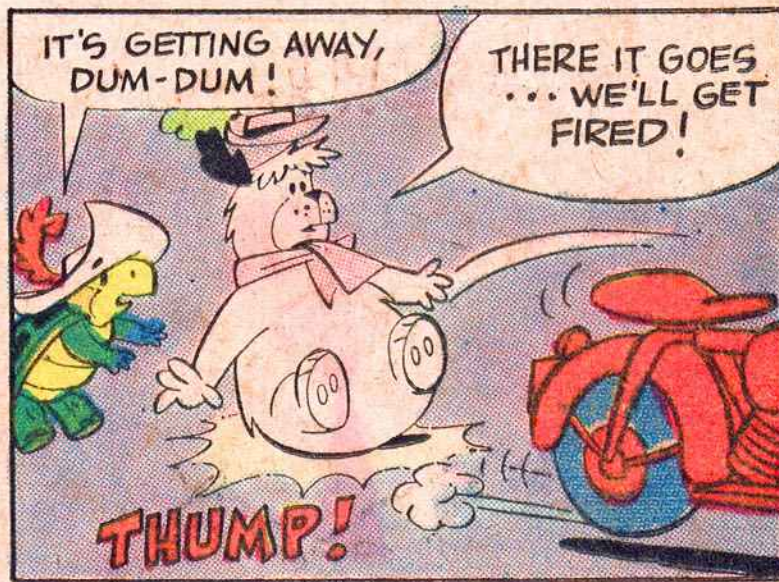
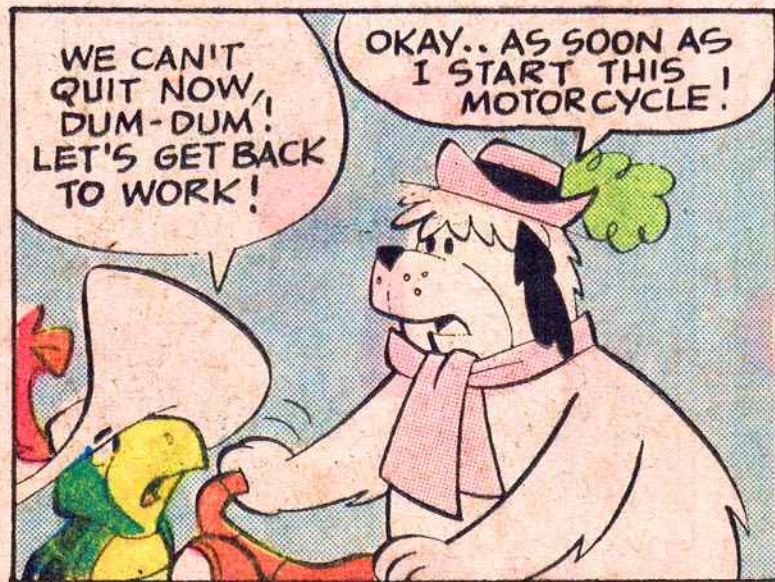
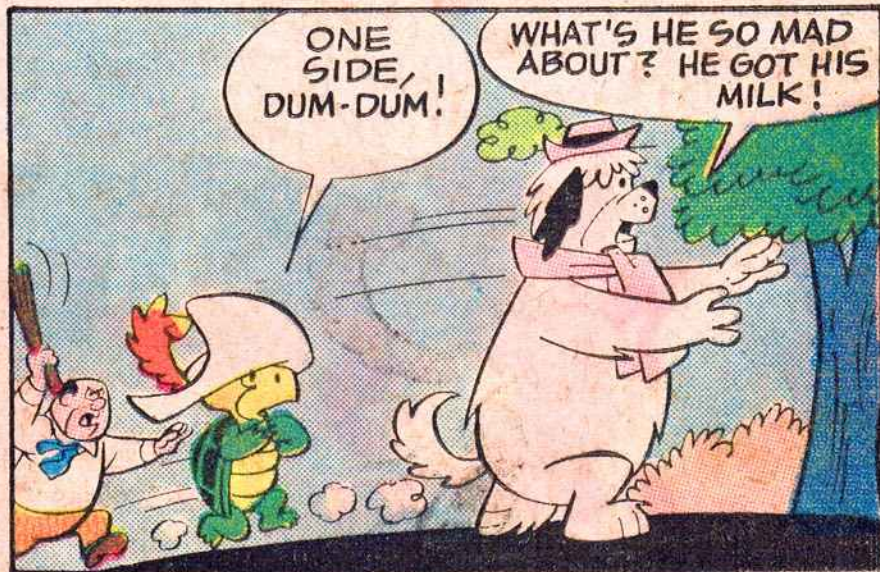
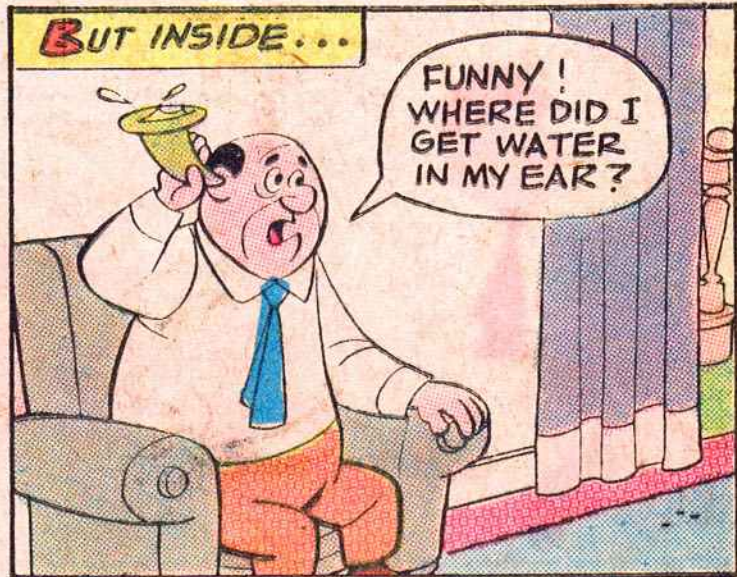
Hanna-Barbera
Presents

TOUCHÉ AND DUM-DUM in **SPECIAL DELIVERY**



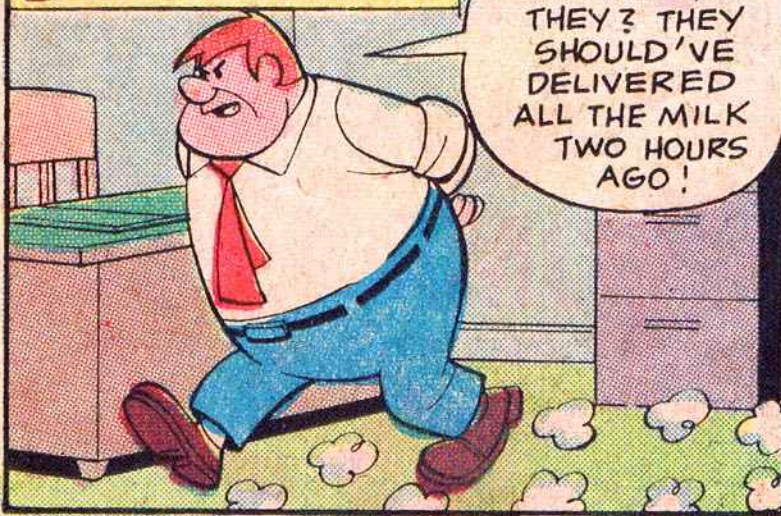




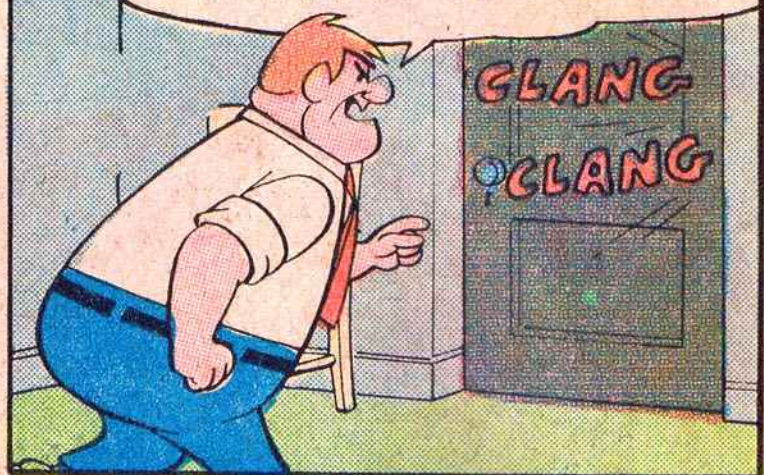


BACK AT THE DAIRY...

WHERE ARE THEY? THEY SHOULD'VE DELIVERED ALL THE MILK TWO HOURS AGO!



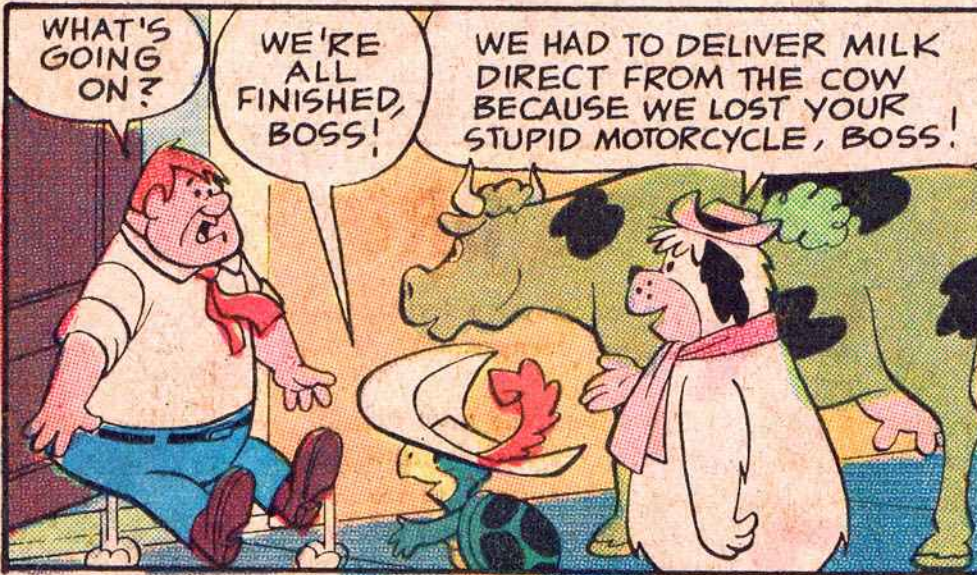
FINALLY! THEY'RE BACK AND... WHAT'S THAT BELL?



WHAT'S GOING ON?

WE'RE ALL FINISHED, BOSS!

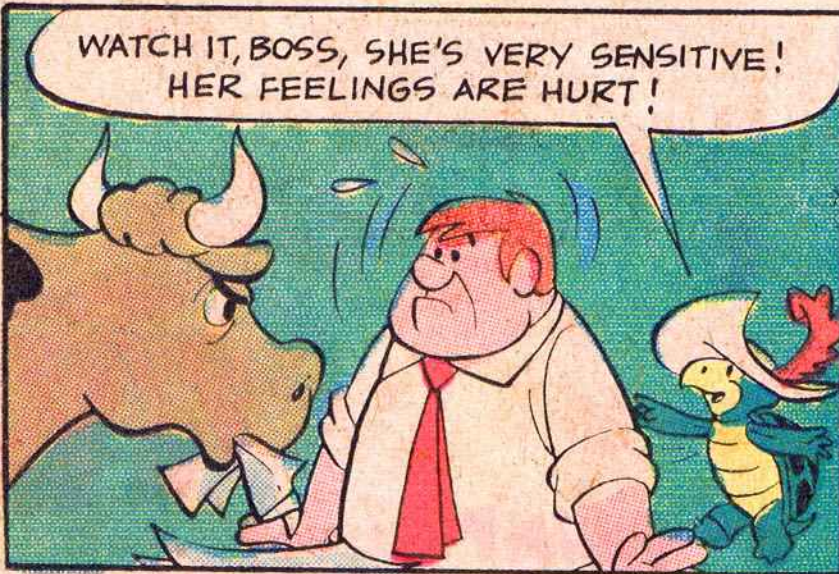
WE HAD TO DELIVER MILK DIRECT FROM THE COW BECAUSE WE LOST YOUR STUPID MOTORCYCLE, BOSS!



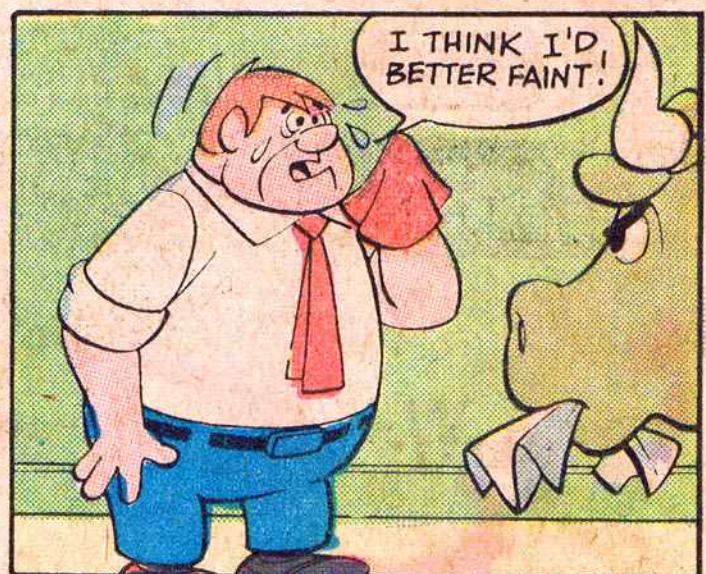
GET YOUR MONSTER OUT OF HERE!



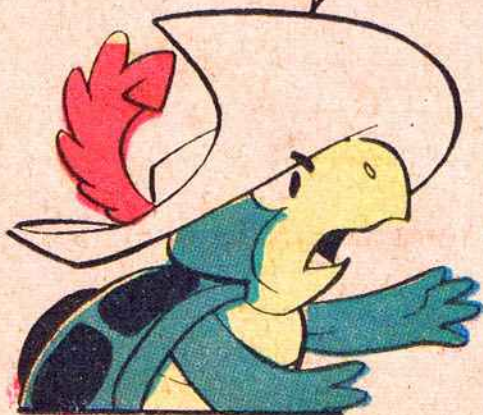
WATCH IT, BOSS, SHE'S VERY SENSITIVE! HER FEELINGS ARE HURT!



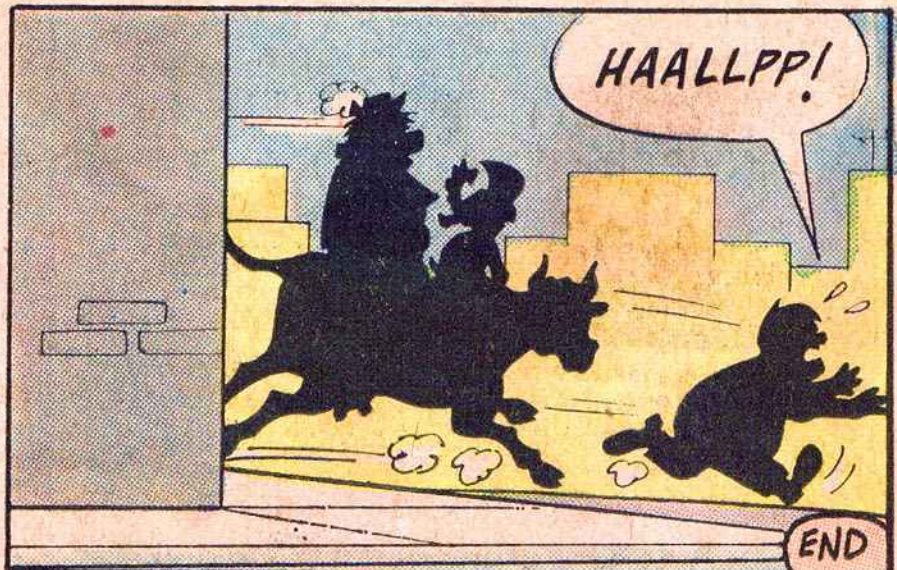
I THINK I'D BETTER FAINT!



STOP WAVING THAT RED HANDKERCHIEF! SHE'S GETTING MAD!



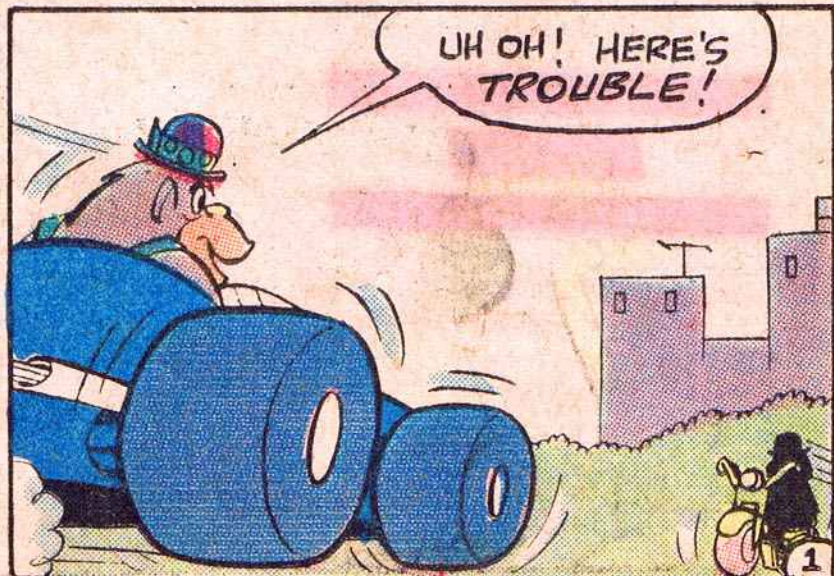
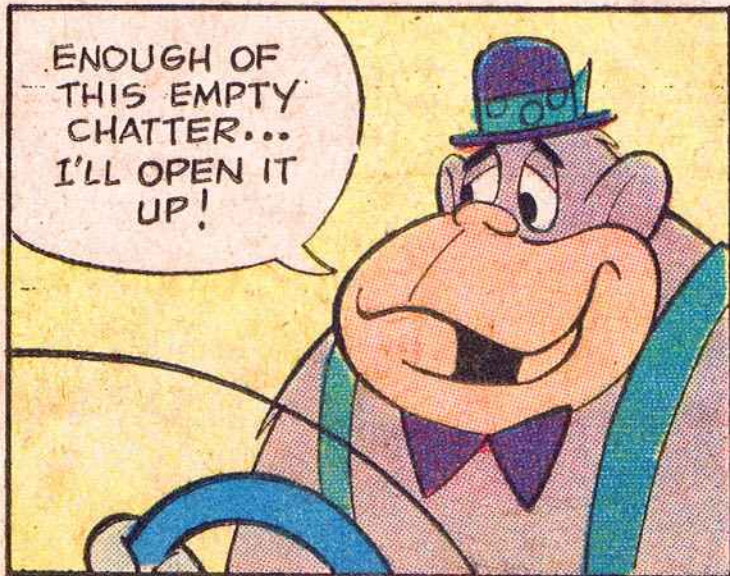
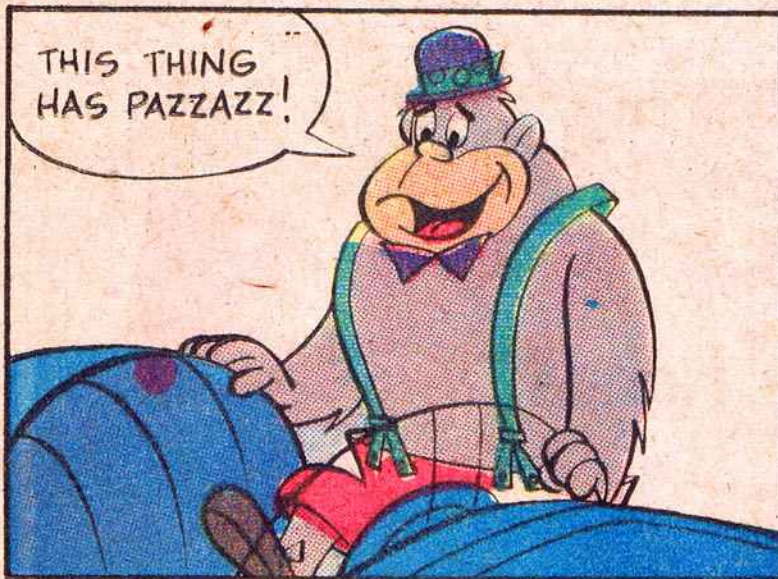
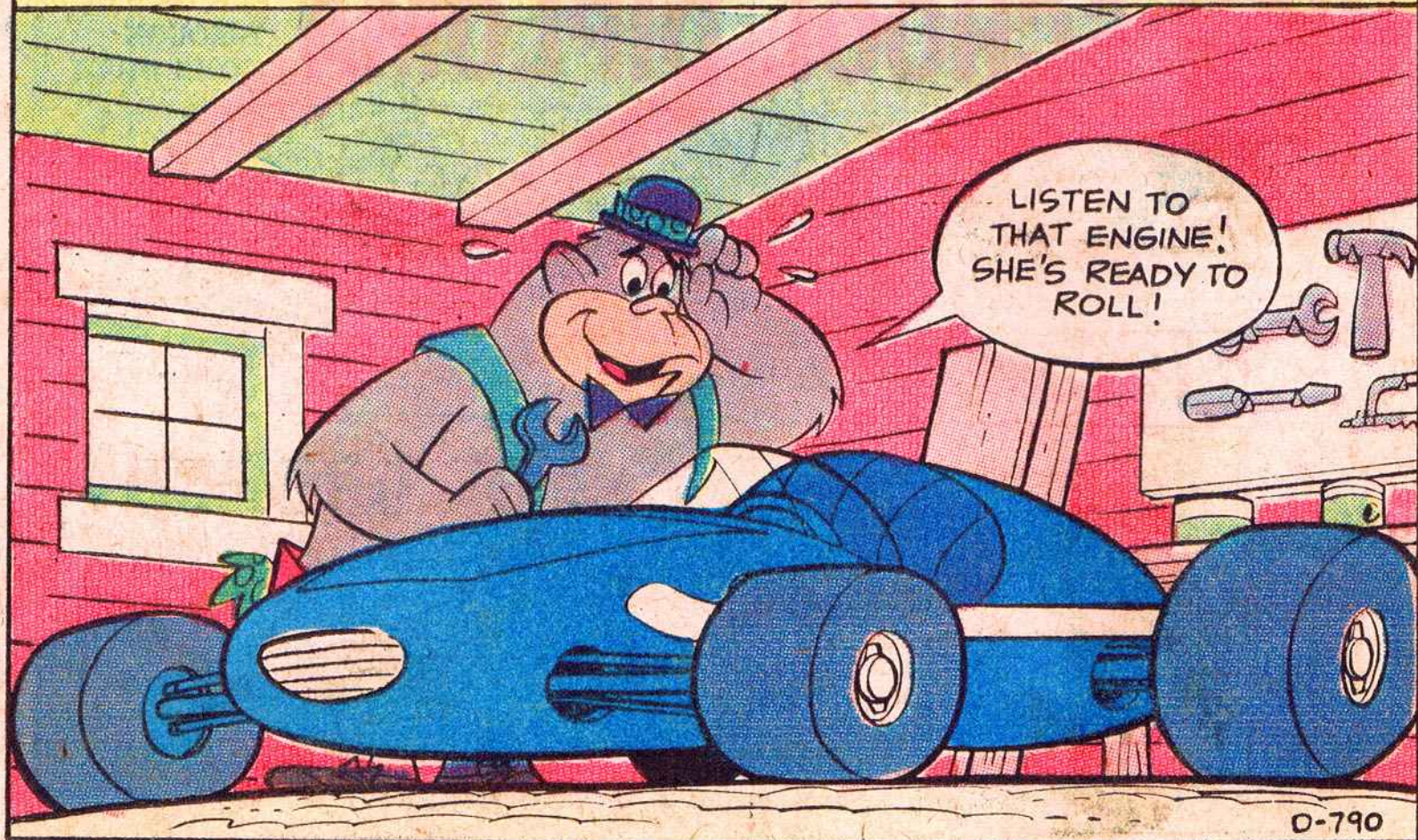
HAALLPP!

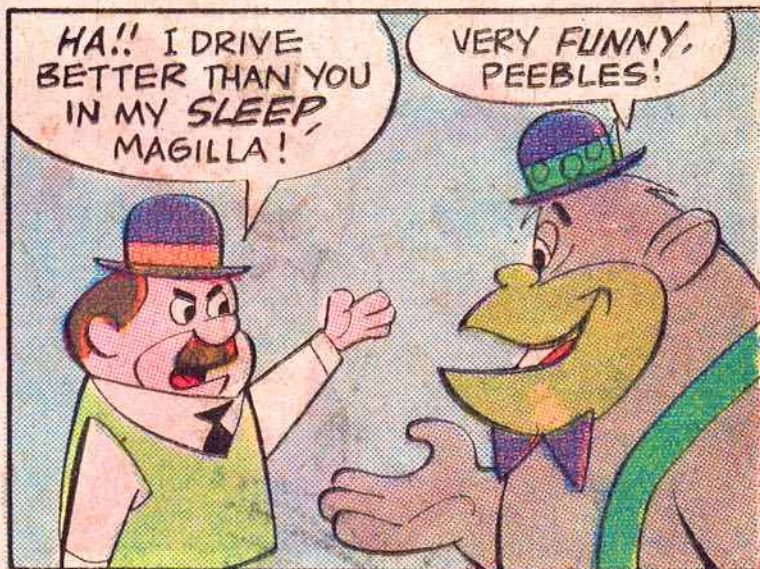
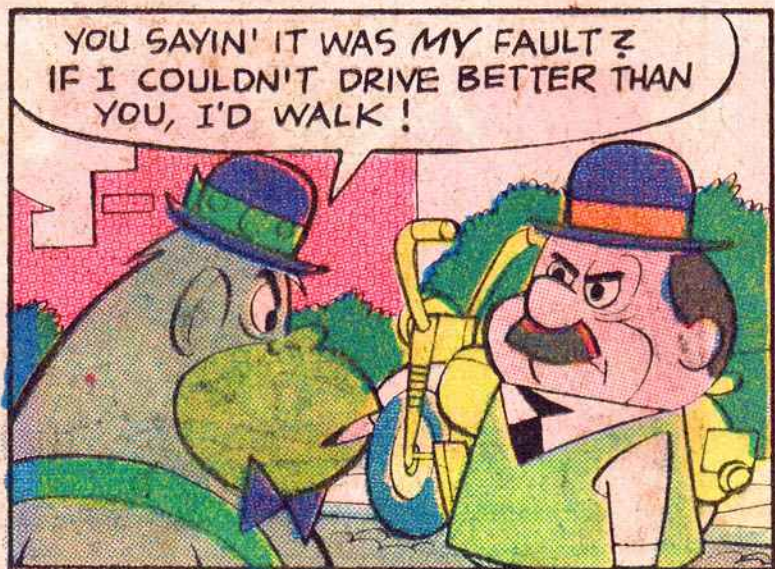
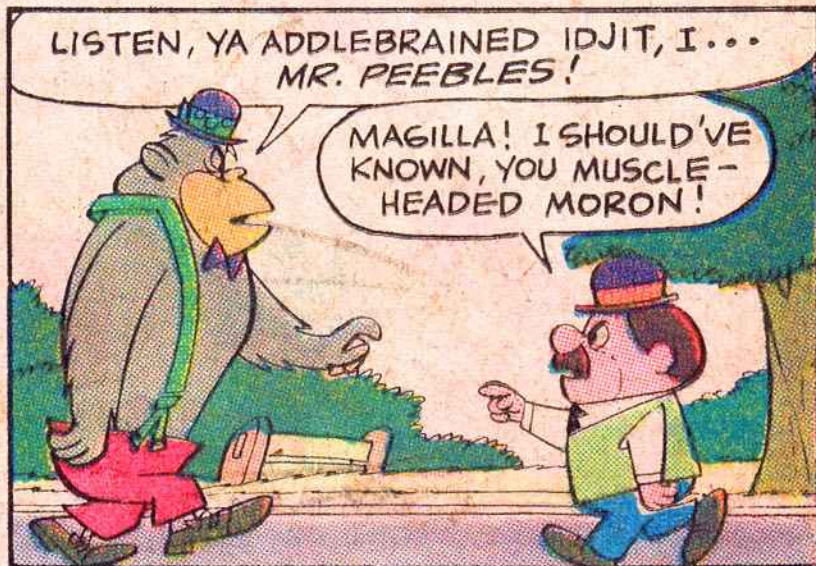
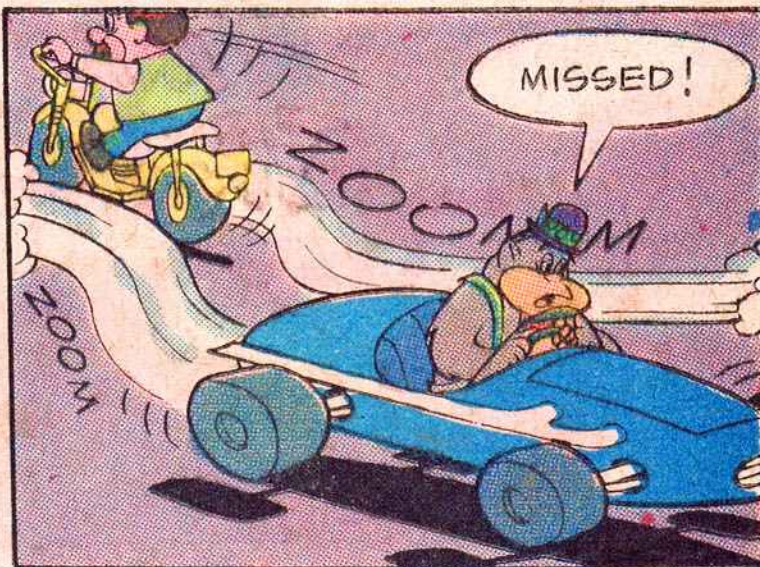
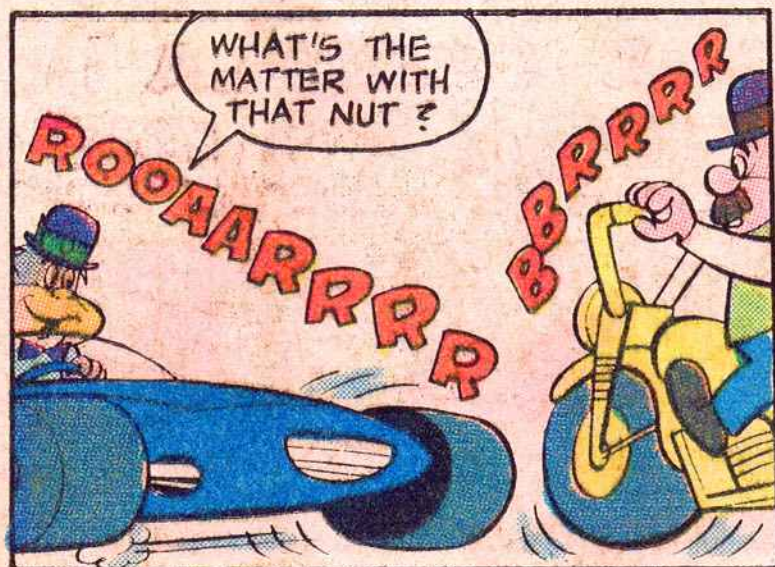


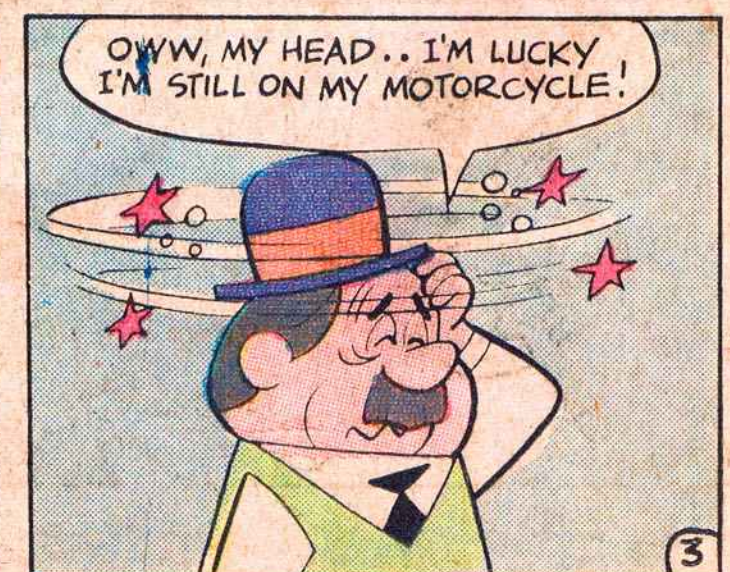
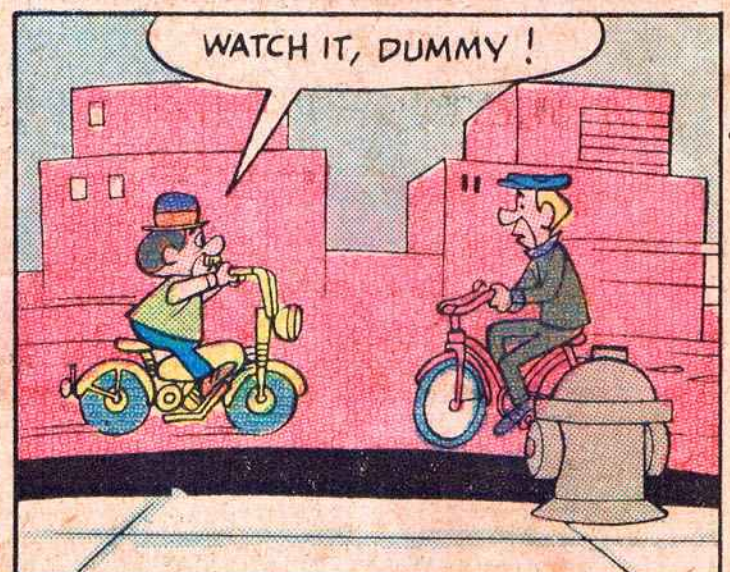
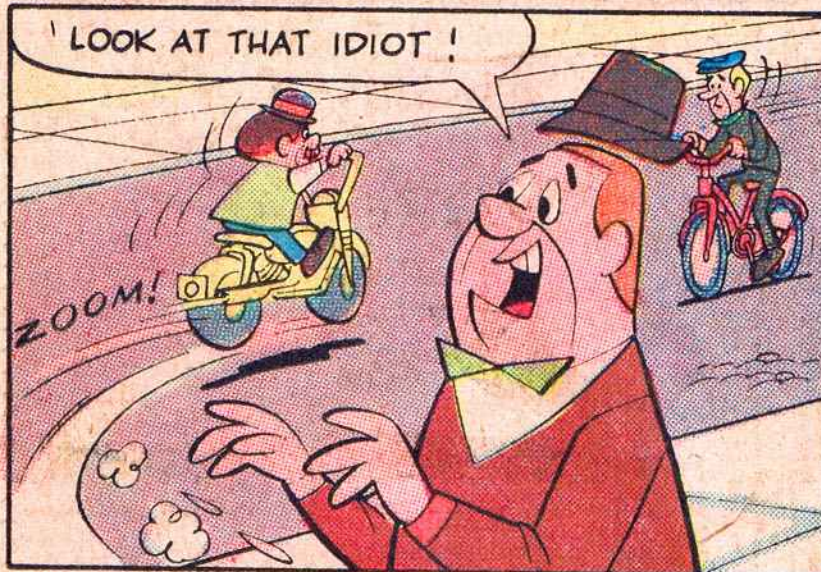
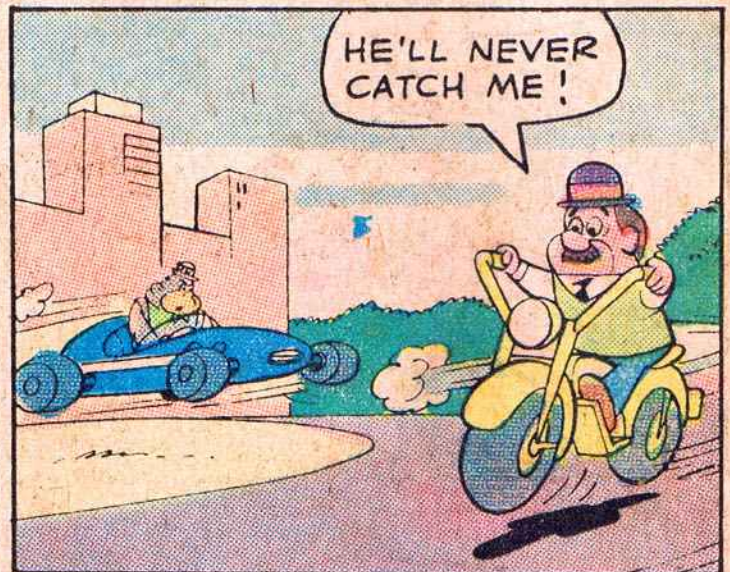
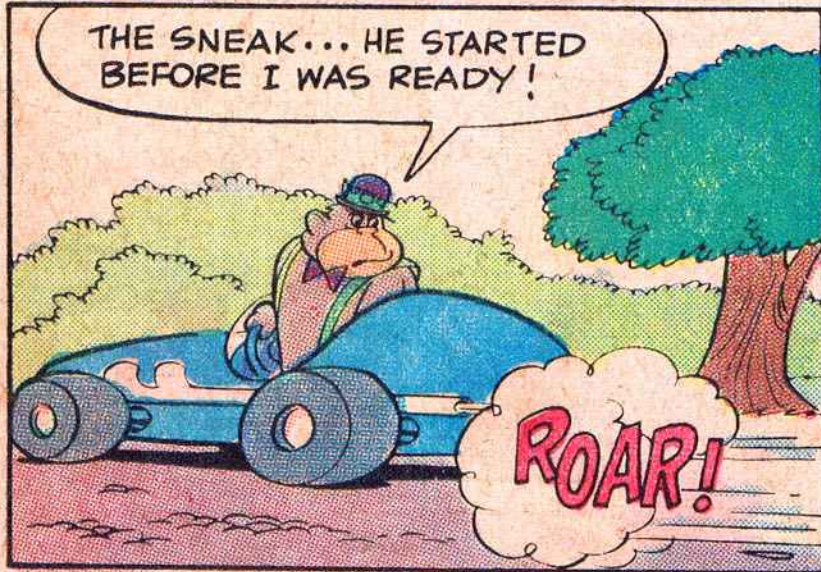
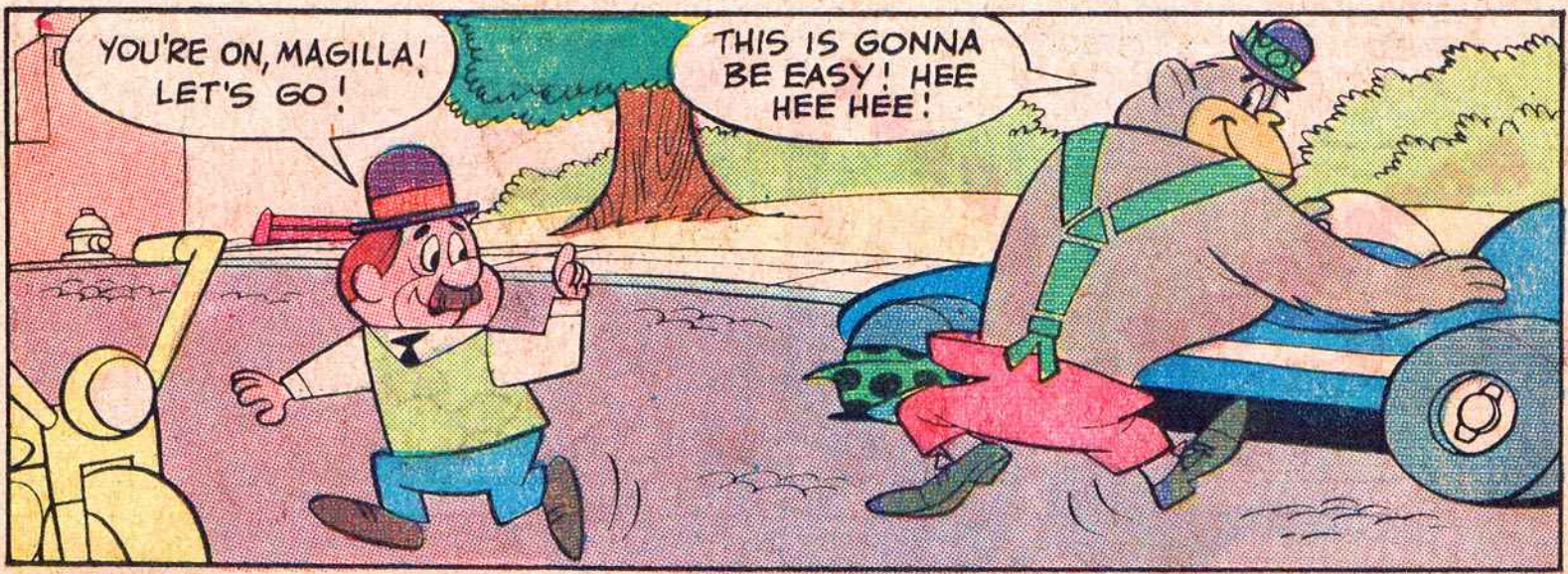
END

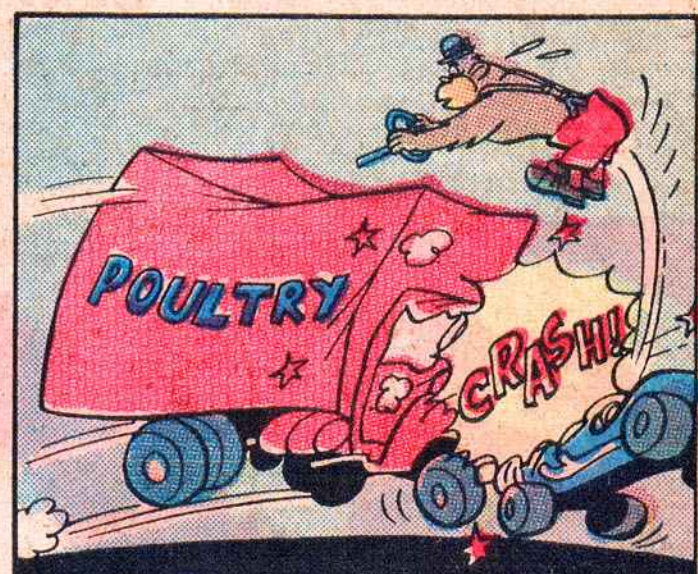
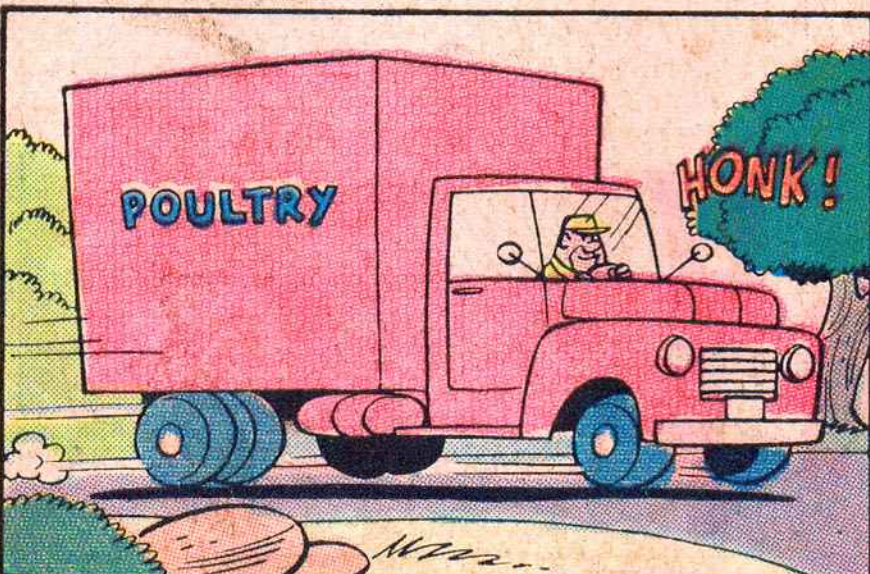
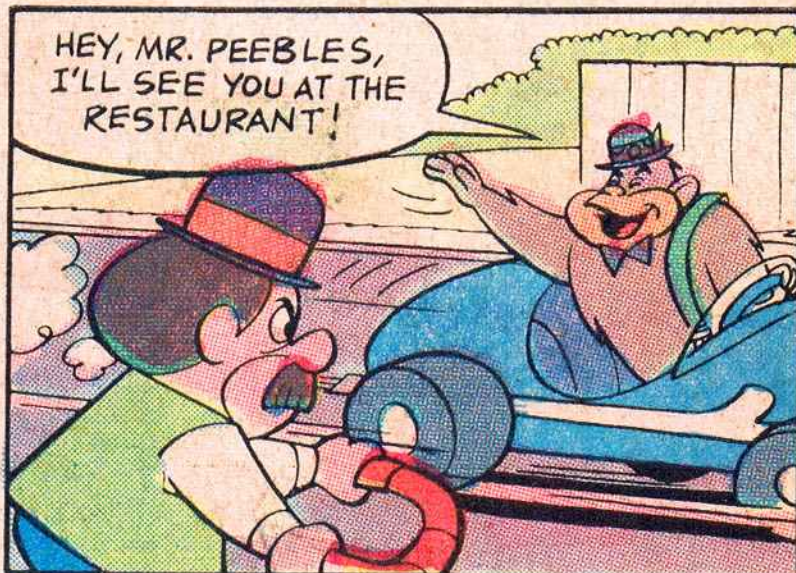
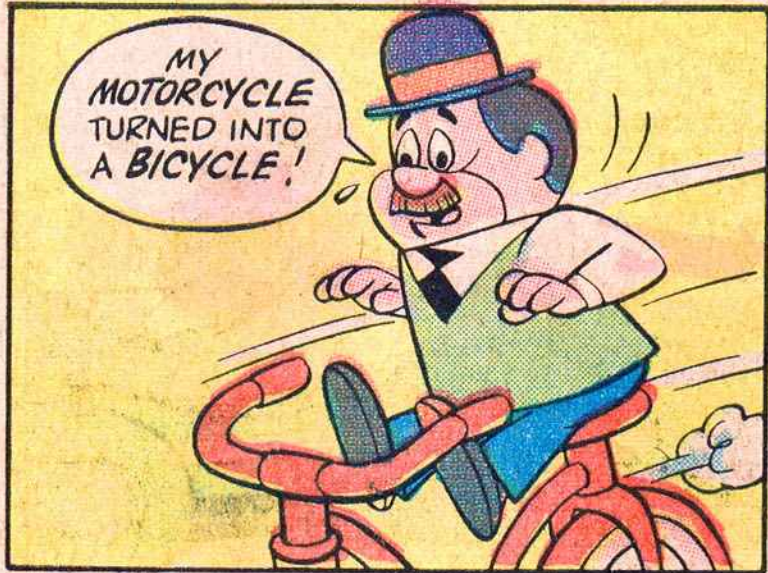
Hanna-Barbera

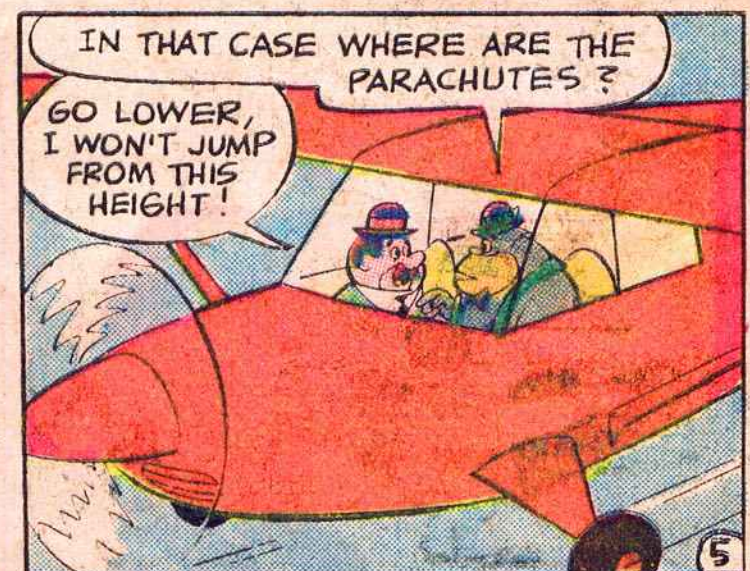
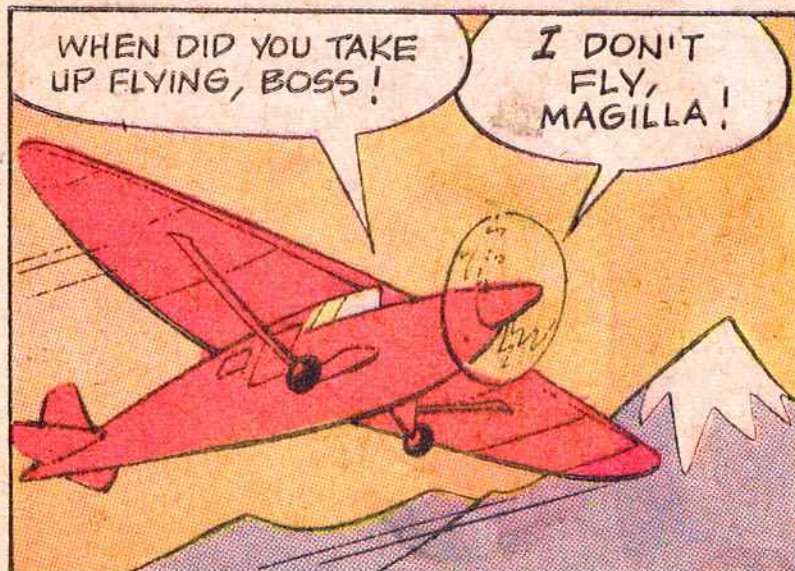
MAGILLA GORILLA in The GREAT APE CAPER

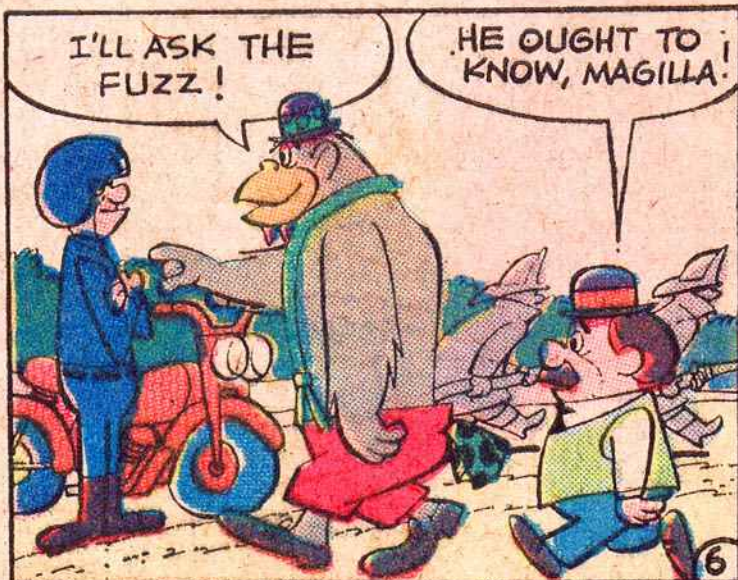
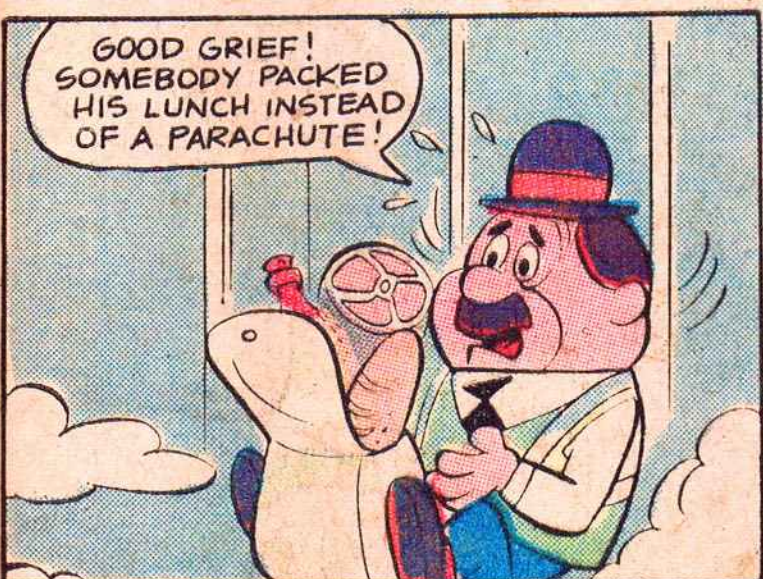
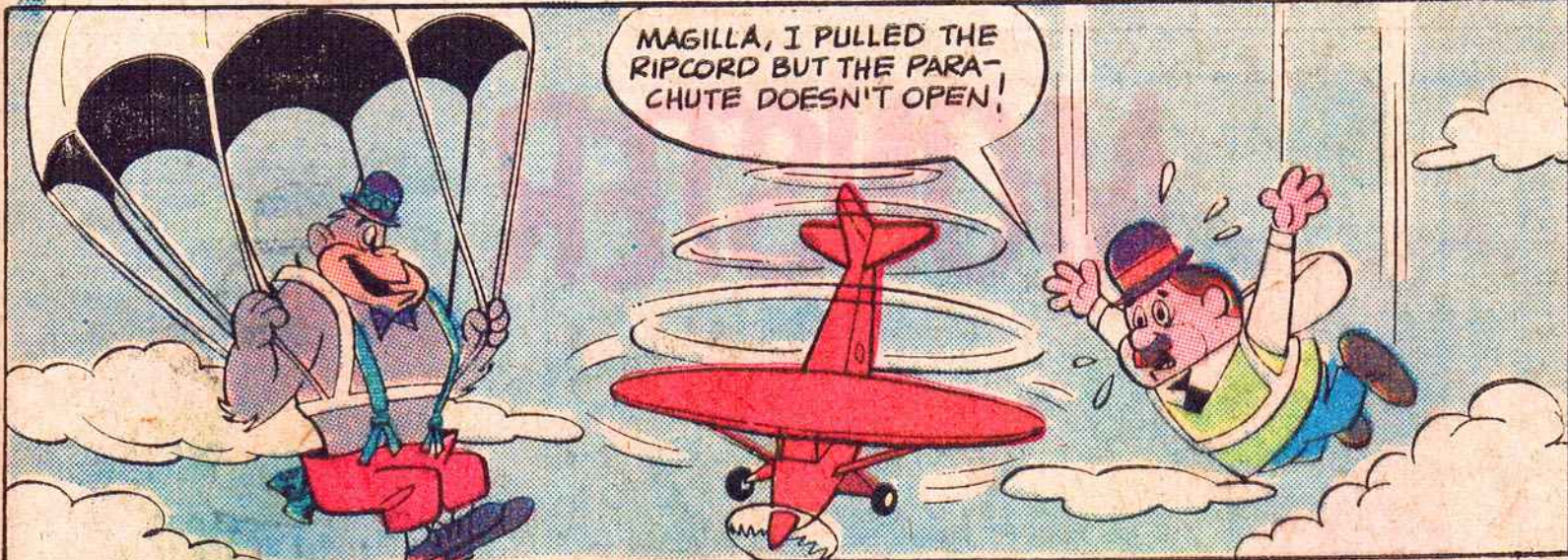












WHAT HAPPENED, OFFICER?

TWO CHARACTERS
STOLE A PLANE
AND CRASHED
INTO THE POLICE
CHIEF'S HOUSE
...THEY'RE
WANTED
DEAD
OR
ALIVE!

UH... YA KNOW WHO THE
TWO GUYS ARE, OFFICER!

HOLD IT, YOU
GUYS!

IF HE FINGERS US,
WE'RE COOKED!

YOU'RE THE TWO MANIACS WHO
WERE SPEEDING ON THE HIGHWAY!

LET'S SPLIT,
BOSS!

